

Vacation at Buffalo, New York City, and
Atlantic City.

In August or September, 1897, the Grand Army of the Republic held its annual encampment at Buffalo and I received a letter from father and mother saying that they would attend. I arranged to take my vacation at that time and to visit Buffalo, and return by way of New York City to Atlantic City, taking a trunk and the bicycle with me.

I made the trip to Buffalo by the B. & O. Railway to Philadelphia, and thence by the ~~Reax~~ Reading Railway via Willkesbarre, leaving Washington early in the morning and arriving at Buffalo late the same evening. I greatly enjoyed the day long ride through the varied scenery of the mountain country.

At Buffalo I went to the hotel where the G.A.R. had its headquarters and found all rooms taken, but was referred to a rooming house centrally located where I found a room. I was desirous of meeting father and mother without delay, but father had not registered at headquarters and I wondered how I was to find him. During the evening I wondered if they had arrived and where they might be sleeping.

The next morning I met father and mother together in the headquarters hotel and found that they were lodging in a rooming house in the same square with mine. It was a joyful meeting, because father had ~~pe~~ prospered and we were all out for a vacation. We did some sightseeing by street car, had our meals together, drank ice-cold beer, listened to some of the speeches, went to a theater in the evening, and father and I took part in the great parade, I ^{was} ~~as~~ ⁿ ~~standard~~ bearer of the naval ^a ~~al~~ delegation from Texas.

We spent one entire day sightseeing at Niagara Falls, which

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was a wonderful experience for mother and I who had never seen them. We were together one whole week at the end of which we separated, they to return to Texas and I to proceed to Atlantic City by way of New York.

I spent one or two days in New York and while there called at the offices of Haskins & Sells. Mr. Haskins was away, but I saw Mr. Sells for a few minutes. He was very cordial, but was evidently so extremely busy and preoccupied with his work that I cut my visit short. This was probably due to my oversight in not notifying him in advance of my coming. I visited Central Park, the museum and art gallery, the Battery, and the Brooklyn Bridge, walked through the Bowery, and took an afternoon excursion boat out to Coney Island. The boat ride was pleasant because of the cool breeze, the dancing waves, the holiday crowd, and some pleasing music by a stringed band. Only one incident stands out clearly in my recollection of Coney Island. Near the boat landing was a pavilion with little tables at which drinks were served and to one side a small stage on which some girls in tights appeared and postured and danced from time to time. I decided to have a glass of beer, went in, took a seat at one of the tables, and gave my order. Almost immediately one of the performers, a fat woman in her twenties and rather scantily dressed, came over and pulled a chair up beside me. Leaning heavily against me and with one fat hand on one of my legs she whispered "Ain't yuh goin'tuh buy me a drink; Im'uh dying wit thirst." I said "All right," because I wanted to see what would happen. She signalled a waiter who brought her a glass of beer. As he stood expectantly, she nudged me with her

elbow and began to massage my leg with her free hand and asked, "Ain't yuh goin't give him nuthing?" I asked "What for?" And she replied "Fer waitin on us; poor feller he works awfully hard." "How^w much?" I asked. "Give him a quarter" she suggested in her sweetest manner, still massaging my leg. However, ~~twax~~ a twentyfive cent tip for a husky man bringing two five-cent glasses of beer a distance of thirty feet seemed a little out of proportion, so I gave him only ten cents. She visibly cooled for a moment. Then she proposed that I give her a present. I was coldhearted enough to ask "Why~~E~~", and she replied "Every gent gives his lady a present; come across, sweatheart, and give me a present." As she said theis an arm went about my waist, her free hand continued to massage my leg, and she seemed about to kiss me. This was embarrassing, because we were in full view not only of others in the pavilion but of passersby as well. I began to try to extricate myself. Then she redoubled her efforts and invited me to go with her behind the stage to the women's dressing room, saying that she would take off all her clothes and I could see all the other women change their costumes. I asked how much I would be expected to pay for this privilege. She replied that I would pay her one dollar and buy a glass of beer for each of the other women and pay the waiter fifty cents. I shook my head and said, "I am sorry, but I havn't time, I have an appointment with Fatima." "What's Fatima," she asked, as she let loose and drew back. I pointed to a large sign about a block away and answered, "Don't you know? Why Fatima is Sultan Al Raschid Calhoun's favorite beauty, and we are to sit in a royal divan and smoke Egyption cigarettes together. But you were dying with thirst and havn't drank your beer; what's the matter; don't hurry." She

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evidently suspected I was making fun of her because she got up quickly and strode to the entrance to one side of the little stage and disappeared. As I walked away I thought to myself, "Two beers 10 cents, one tip 10 cents, total 20 cents; I think I got my money's worth." I returned by boat in the evening and enjoyed looking at the lights of the city and of the Brooklyn Bridge as we approached the Battery. The lights of the bridge seemed like a string of jewels and twice as high at night as the bridge did in the daytime.

The following day I made the trip through New Jersey to Atlantic City. The flat sandy country with scrub oak bushes and second growth trees was most uninteresting. At a small station we had to change cars which involved a wait of an hour or more between trains. It was a hot afternoon and the heat was made more intense by the loose gleaming sand. To quench my thirst I bought a basket of grapes and ate them all. To fill in the time I walked about and discovered a number of plants and an insect that were new to me. The insect was as large as a honey bee, shapped like an ant, was wingless and covered with a velvety red fuz. When I poked it with a stick it darted out a stinger half an inch long. It was incredibly swift in its movements and, because of its sting, I gried to crush it with a stick. To my astonishment it was as hard as iron and pressure ~~upon it~~ made no impression upon it in the soft sand. I succeeded in cracking it only when it ran over an outcropping of hard clay. Its resistance to pressure and blows exceeded anything I had seen in any living creature smaller than a turtle, clam or oyster.

Arriving at Atlantic City in the late afternoon I soon

obviously suggested I was waiting for him because she got up quickly and started to the entrance to one side of the little stage and disappeared. As I walked away I thought to myself, "Two beers is cheap, one tip is cheap, total 30 cents; I think I got my money's worth." I remained by boat in the evening and enjoyed looking at the lights of the city and of the mountains. Bridges as we approached the battery. The lights of the bridge seemed like a series of jewels and lights as high as night as the water lit in the daytime.

The following day I had the trip through the Jersey to Atlantic City. The first party society also rode out buses and second group were sent representative. At a small station we had to change cars which involved a walk on the foot on cars between trains. It was a hot afternoon and the heat was made more intense by the loose clothing and the sun. I had a number of things and the sun all. To fill in the time I walked about and discovered a number of things and incidents that were new to me. The street was as large as a money bag, though like an ant, was tiny and covered with a variety of things. When I looked it with a stick it turned out a stinger half an inch long. It was incredibly small in its movements and because of its sting, I tried to push it with a stick. To my surprise it was as hard as iron and ~~it was as~~ made an impression when it in the soft sand. I succeeded in breaking it only when it ran over an outcropping of hard clay. Its resistance to pressure and blows exceeded anything I had seen in any living creature smaller than a turtle, clam or oyster.

Arriving at Atlantic City in the late afternoon I soon

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was established in a comfortable room in a boarding house within two squares of the beach. Here for two weeks I thoroughly enjoyed myself. It was my first real vacation alone and without responsibilities of any kind. I enjoyed the leisure, the good food, the sea air, the bathing, the attractions of the board walk and the piers, and above all the sea. I went out sailing almost every day. ~~I~~ I found an old seaman with an almost new cat boat of which he was very proud. He was regularly engaged by a man of wealth and could take me out when his employer did not want him. He was nearly 70 years old, but strong and active. He said that he grew up in Maine and had been in or about boats and the sea all his life. He owned several schooners in the coast-wise trade and had retired to Atlantic City with his wife. There he had built the cat boat according to his own plans and with materials selected by himself. It was neat, strong, seaworthy, well finished, roomy and comfortable. He said it was so strongly made and well ballasted with lead in the keel that the short thick mast would break off before the boat would turn over. In the summer months he took visitors out for a sail partly for the pleasure of being out himself and to have something to do and partly for the money he made in this way. In the autumn he and his wife cruised all the way to Florida and the Gulf of Mexico, returning with the robins in the spring. I took great delight in being out with him when a strong breeze was blowing and the white caps were running and the spray was flying. It was exhilarating and the old man seemed to enjoy my pleasure. Returning late one afternoon he sailed across and around an inlet where the water was quiet and smooth as glass. There was just enough breeze

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speak for him. He was nearly 70 years old, but strong and active. He
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and the sea all his life. He could speak languages in the same
way that he had learned to speak in his own language. He was
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late one afternoon he called on me and asked me what I was doing
when was called and when he came. There was that same old

to move the boat along leisurely. The sun was setting and the sky and water were full of soft pink, red, gold, blue, and violet colors. We both contemplated the beauty of it all in silence. As we headed homeward I said, "You have been about the water all your long life. Is it as interesting and beautiful to you now as it was when you were a little boy?" He smiled and said, "Yes, I feel at home on it and with it and never tire of it and never expect to tire of it."

Just as we were about to leave the wharf for a ~~sail~~ sail one forenoon a Jewish man and his wife from Philadelphia asked if they might go with us. The captain looked at me with a ^{question} ~~a/glimpse~~ in his eyes and I nodded. There was a good breeze and a rather heavy sea running shoreward and through the inlet. Our Jewish passengers were in great glee at first, but as soon as we entered the rough water outside the inlet the boat began to prance and the spray to fly, and both became desperately ill. The sight of their condition and the sounds they made nauseated me so that I had to keep my eyes fixed on the sky and the waves to keep from joining them out of involuntary sympathy. Because of their suffering the captain had to make a quick return to the harbor. They were sorry looking objects when they landed.

One evening I wandered down the boardwalk and for the first time it occurred to me to have my fortune told by a Gypsy. She told me many interesting things, about the fair haired maiden with eyes like stars that I would soon meet, the long journey I would take, the spell of sickness in store for me, an enemy that would cross my path, and a great streak of good fortune awaiting me, together with much information about my personal characteristics, likes and dislikes, and about my past life,

most of which was not true. Then, in order to check up on Gypsies and their tales once and for all, I had my fortune told by three or four others in succession. I remember that they all had about the same patter, all made wild guesses regarding my past and present, there were wide discrepancies regarding my soul mate, and from one of them I learned that I was already married and the father of two interesting children, but that my wife did not understand me and already showed signs of yielding to the blandishments of an unknown rival.

At the boarding house where I stopped were many other guests, but for several days I made no acquaintances. The fourth day I rode the bicycle to the postoffice to inquire for mail. At the window I met a lady whom I recognized as one of the guests who sat opposite to me at the boarding house table. She smiled, spoke, and we got acquainted. She expressed surprise at seeing me in bicycle togs, saying "We all thought you were a young minister."

One morning before breakfast when the boardwalk and beach were deserted I strolled along the beach near the boardwalk. The tide had been in and under the bridgelike structure and was receding. I noticed a ^{ten}twentyfive cent piece lying on the sand, picked it up, saw another coin, and then others, mostly nickles and dimes. Altogether I found more than the equivalent of a dollar in small coins. The explanation did not occur to me until the same afternoon I joined a crowd on the boardwalk to watch a sand artist fashioning a beautiful reclining ^{figure} ~~statue~~ of a woman in the sand. From time to time people in the crowd would throw coins to the artist, some of which he did not find. In my early morning walks thereafter I often noticed boys searching the sands

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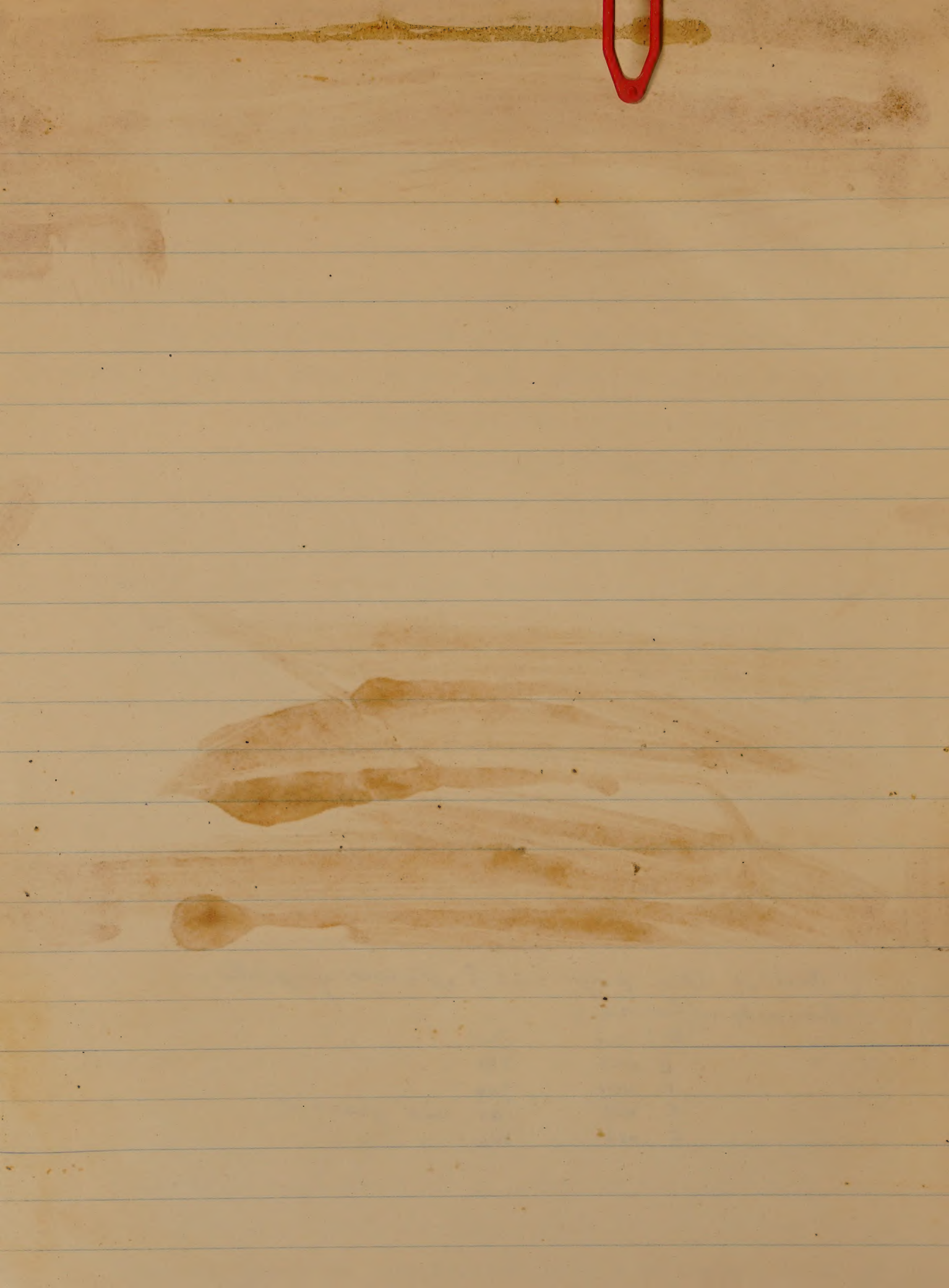
~~searching~~ for coins.

The bicycle at Atlantic City proved to be a disappointment. There were no hard surfaced roads in the city at that time, but I had imagined that it would be a pleasure to ride up and down the smooth beach after the tide was out. I found, however, that the smooth looking beach was not as hard as it looked and that it was very tiresome to push through the yielding sand, especially against the wind. Also the salt spray in the air caused the metal parts of the machine to rust rapidly.

When my thoroughly enjoyable vacation ~~was~~ came to an end I returned to my rooms and books at the Stanton Square house. I arrived late one hot evening, very tired from riding on the hot, badly crowded train, and retired immediately. Tired as I was I could not seem to sleep. About midnight, when sleep seemed hopeless, I got up and lit a gas light with the intention of reading. Then I discovered that my bed was alive with insects, numerous large ones and innumerable small ones. I spent the rest of the night catching them and a part of the following day dusting the bedding, the furniture, and the floor and walls with insecticides.

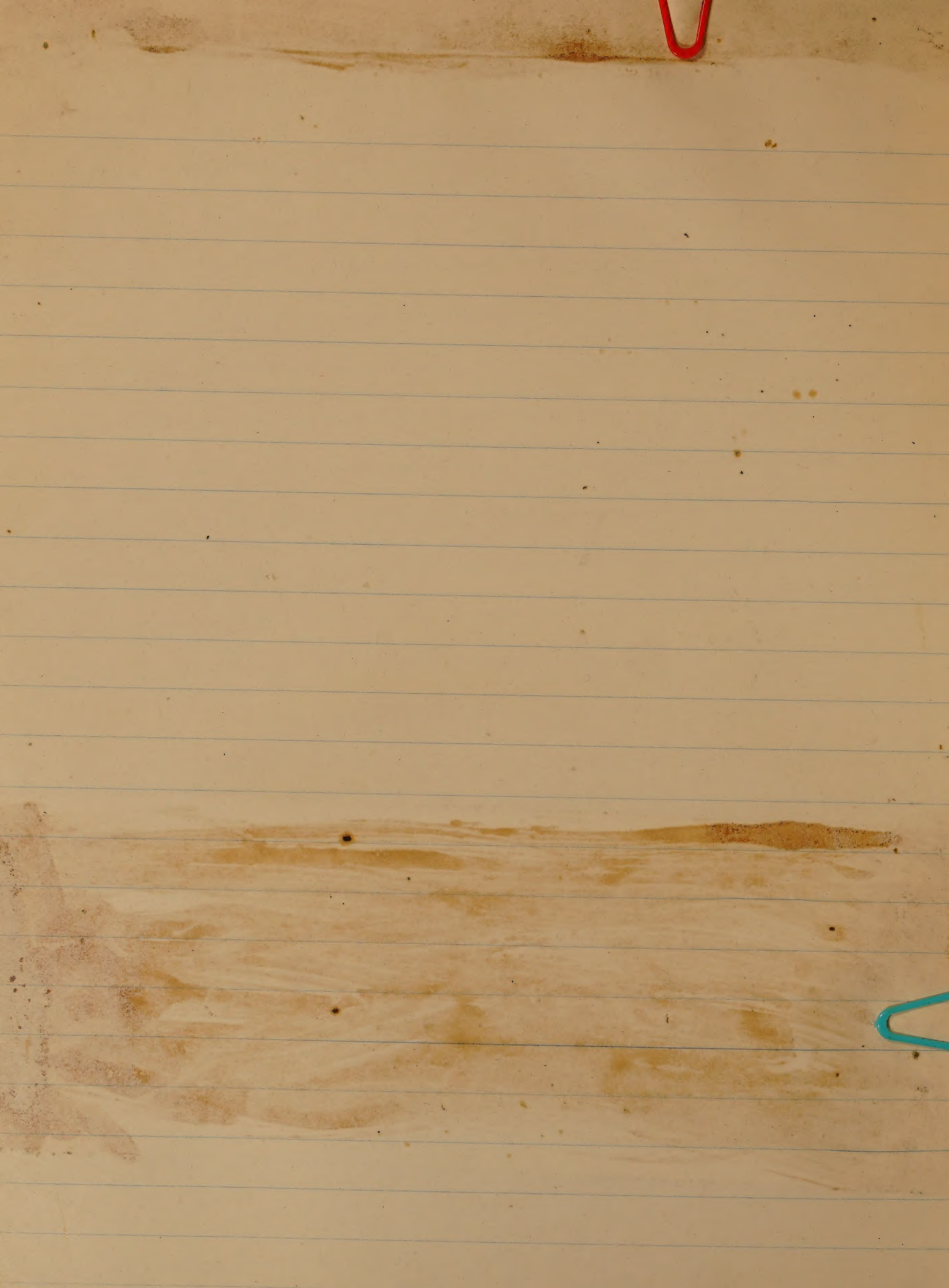
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Once Again I am Alone.

After seeing my sister and niece off on the train I returned to my rooms with a feeling of profound relief. I was 29 years old and once more free, free to go and come as I felt like it without reference to any one else, free to buy books, read and study, free to plan economies and save up something for the future. The experience of having almost annual visits from my



mother and the tacit understanding that the family seemed to have that I was responsible for my sister and her child, after I had made what I considered a sacrifice in remaining and working for them faithfully until I was 21, led me to think that the only solution was to marry and establish an independent home of my own, although I suspected that marriage would involve not only extra expense and make saving for the future more difficult but also that it would involve sacrifice of freedom and a readjustment of habits and much responsibility. So it was that the thought of marriage kept recurring and I found myself looking at attractive young women whom I saw on the streets and in the restaurants and theaters, and dreaming about them and imagining all kinds of delightful romances. One characteristic of these fancies was the expedition with which the romances were to materialize in marriage. I was to meet an attractive young woman, we were to look at each other with mutual interest, smile, get acquainted, find that we were congenial, propose, marry within 24 hours, set up housekeeping, and live happily ever after. In other words, there was no thought on my part of any long drawn out courtship and tiresome and uncertain waiting.

One serious mistake I made in all my thinking about marriage ~~and that~~ was in thinking that only the young couple are concerned. In my innocence I assumed that I would marry the young woman of my choice and that it was nobody's particular business but her's and mine. I learned later and still realize that a young man marries not only his sweetheart but also her relatives, and she his. This is such an important factor in human happiness and unhappiness that it should be taught in the public schools so that all young people would understand it.

I Meet a Relative.

When I returned from the railway station after seeing my sister on the train I was surprised when the landlady handed me a visiting card bearing the name "Miss Nina Estabrook" with a Mount Pleasant address~~s~~ and telephone number written on it. The landlady explained that Miss Estabrook ^ahad called to see about rooms during my absence and she had taken the liberty of showing her my rooms. On seeing the shelves full of books and the pictures on the walls and learning my name she was much interested and left word that she would like to meet me. I also was curious to see any one bearing my family name, as up to that time I had heard of very few Estabrooks in the United States.

I at once called up the young lady by telephone and she invited me to call on her that evening. During the five years I had lived in Washington I had not made a single social call and as evening approached I became just a little nervous over this one. I expected to find the lady alone, stay only long enough to get acquainted, and then make my escape. She had set 7 o'clock as the hour. I arrived shortly before seven and to fill in the time walked around the square several times. Exactly at the appointed time I rang the bell. Evidently I was not expected quite so soon. When I knock~~ed~~ at the door on the second floor it was opened by a slender young woman with a thin face and a sallow complexion. I greeted her as Miss Estabrook and handed her my card. She said "No, I am Miss Shirley; Miss Estabrook will be ready in a moment." So I sat awkwardly and uncomfortably in a chair, becoming more and more impatient with the passage of time and wishing I were somewhere else, while I could hear sounds of low conversation and the occasional swish of

I must be leaving.

When I returned from the railway station after seeing my
 sister on the train, I was surprised when the lady handed me
 a visiting card bearing the name "Miss Jane Robinson" with
 "Miss Robinson" written in smaller letters below. I was
 The lady explained that Miss Robinson was sister to her
 about three years younger, and she had taken the liberty of
 sending her my card. On seeing the envelope full of books and
 the picture on the card and thinking my name was not in
 printed and left word that she would like to see me. I also
 was anxious to see my sister and her family, and so I
 and I went off very early in the morning to the United States.
 I at once called on the young lady, Miss Robinson, and she
 invited me to call on her first evening. During the five years
 I had lived in Washington I had not seen a single school girl
 and she seemed surprised I should have a little nervous type
 like her. I expected to find the lady alone, but only found
 enough to get acquainted, and then make my own. The next day
 I called on her again. I arrived shortly before seven and
 still in the twilight found the young lady alone. I was
 In at the appointed time I rang the bell. Instantly I was
 excited and so soon. When I looked at the book on the table
 Miss Robinson was seated by a slender young woman with a face
 and a slight complexion. I greeted her with a friendly
 and she said "Oh, I am Miss Robinson, Miss Robinson."
 "Miss Robinson" she said. "So I am, Miss Robinson." "So I am, Miss Robinson."
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skirts through a thin partition in the next room. Presently Miss Estabrook came in. To me she was a vision of dazzling loveliness. I suspected she was much older than I, but still fresh and blooming and daintily dressed. I learned that she was from one of the eastern States and that she had lived for many years in Paris as a newspaper correspondent. She asked all about my family and what I was doing and gave me the address of an Estabrook at Rochester, New York, who had compiled a gene^aalogy of the Estabrook family. I was embarrassed by the presence of Miss Shirley, who seemed not at all pleased at my visit. Just as I was preparing awkwardly to make my excuses, inwardly vowing that I would never again call on women, two young men knocked and were admitted. They seemed much surprised at my presence, and again I tried to excuse myself and get away. But Miss Estabrook protested so vehemently that the evening was just begun and she would be offended if I left so early that I allowed myself to be persuaded, but much against my will and rather ungraciously.

Then Miss Estabrook announced that we were to have a Russian tea party. It turned out that this meant that we were to sit on cushions on the floor, smoke cigarettes, and play cards. I detested all card games as a futile waste of time. I soon detested the two young men because of their sophisticated ways and supercilious manners. Evidently they resented my presence, for which I did not blame them, because I was like the fifth wheel of a coach and did not fit into the picture at all. Presently the hostess served what she called "Russian tea." It was a teacup full of ~~half~~ whiskey, ^{and} ~~half~~ hot water, with sugar and lemon. No doubt it was very good, but I was not used to whiskey and did

not like either its taste or smell, both of which seemed to be intensified and aggravated by the hot water. However, I drank my share and felt much better for it. Finally the conversation turned upon books. Here, I thought, I can at least hold my own, but the talk was wholly about modern fiction, mostly French, and I found that I was hopelessly ignorant and behind the times. Time dragged on and my embarrassment and misery did not diminish. At 11 p.m. in desperation I said that I must leave and this time I was allowed to go. Miss Estabrook was gracious enough to say that she had enjoyed having me with them and to express the hope that I would ^{call} ~~call~~ again. I in turn thanked her for a pleasant evening and bade them all good night. When the door closed I heard subdued laughter and knew that I was the cause of it. Late as it was I walked across the city to my rooms trying to work off the feeling of impotent rage that possessed me and with the determination that never again would I sit out a seance where I was clearly one too many and out of place.

Readjustment.

In pursuance of my plan to economize I sent the surplus furniture that I no longer needed to the auction room to be sold and moved the remainder of my belongings into a large sunny room at the top of the house. Adjoining it was a large closet with a window opening onto the roof below. The room and closet occupied the entire third floor. Here I greatly enjoyed fitting up the room, arranging my books and pictures, and with an ornamental folding bed, a couch, a desk, two rocking chairs, a nice rug on the floor, and my pictures and books about me, I was very comfortable. In the closet I had my cooking outfit where I could cook

my own meals when I felt like it. Again my time was my own and the long evenings were devoted to study and reading. I read history systematically, beginning with Rawlingson's Ancient Monarchies, and on through Grote's Greece, Gibbons' Rome, Hallam's Middle Ages, Guizot's France, MacCauley's England, Motley's Dutch Republics, ~~and Conquest of Peru~~, Washington Irving's works, Bancroft's History of the United States, Adams', McMaster's, and others, and a series of biographies, the works of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and a host of others; Emerson, Carlyle, Dickens, Scott, ^{George Elliott, Ruskin, Burroughs,} Hawthorn, [^] Pope, Addison, Steele, Fielding, Smollet, and various books in French; [^] ~~Chaucer~~, [^] Spencer, Thompson, Moore, Pope, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, ^{Burns,} [^] Browning, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whitman, Thoreau, Whittier, Shakespeare, and others. As an exercise I abstracted Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare, and the biography of Franklin.

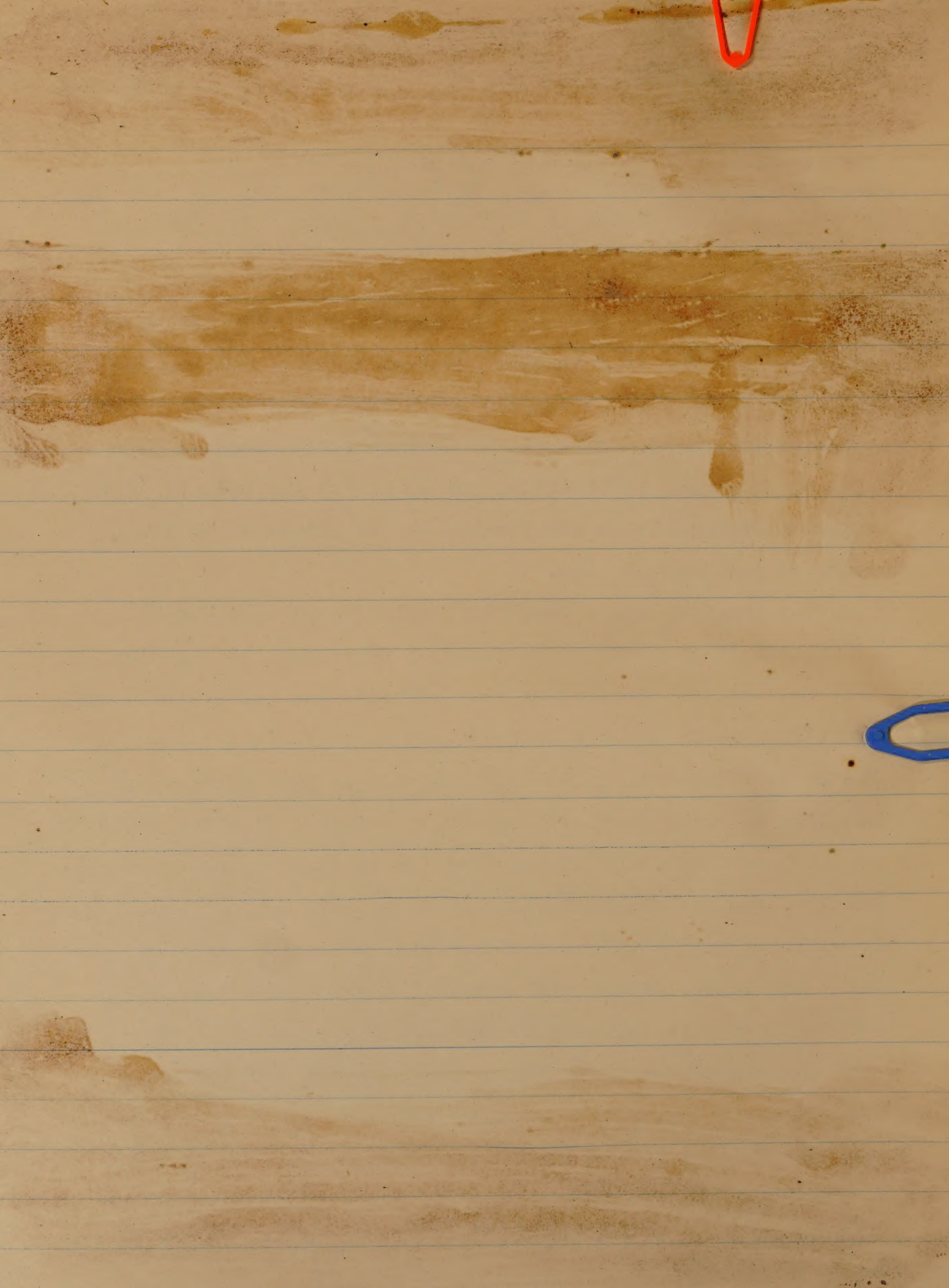
About this time I ^{as} started a dictionary of adjectives, listing adjectives and their use in the books I read, and nouns to which the adjectives were applied, and the same for adverbs and verbs, all to be arranged alphabetically. This work soon grew so rapidly and became so voluminous that I realized that it would be an enormous and costly undertaking, and when I ^{found} ~~realized~~ that most adjectives in the dictionary apply to most nouns, and the same for verbs and adverbs, I gave it up. At another time I started to list all common nouns that were used as surnames, but discontinued it when I was convinced that practically every common noun and many adjectives are used as names of persons.

The previous winter when family expenses were rather heavy I sold my silver flute. To gratify my taste for simple music I

kept a Jewsharp and a harmonica in my room on which I would play a few bars occasionally. I also purchased a cheap flageolet for the same purpose.

I had long since ceased to go to church. Sundays, after cleaning my room, I would either go to Marshall Hall down the river and spend the day in a hammock reading, or take book and hammock and ride on the bicycle to Rock Creek Park, Glen Echo, or some other nearby point. Thoughts of ^{marriage} ~~marriage~~ still recurred from time to time as a possibility, but my habits and mode of life excluded opportunities for forming the acquaintance of young women of marriageable age.

My landlady was a beautiful Polish woman employed as a translator in the State Department. I understood at the time that she was the widow of an army officer. She had a little boy about four years old and kept a negro servant girl. I saw very little of them until in the fall the little boy, Victor, began stealing up to my room. We soon became ^a friends, although at times he was a nuisance. Sometimes his mother would come up to my room for him. She was always interested in my books and pictures, and I could not help but look upon her with interest because of her fully developed, voluptuous, graceful form. I think she understood my attitude, but was always very dignified and I was diffident and respectful. Long afterwards I learned with surprise that Madam had never been married, that she was an adventuress, that she had lived as mistress of an army officer at Ft. Riley and had lost two children by him, that she habitually wore no undergarments, and that when I knew her she was the mistress of



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a newspaper correspondent who contributed to her income by obtaining translation work for her to do outside of office hours and selling articles that she wrote. I was ignorant and oblivious of this side of her life and regarded her only as a shapely, beautiful, dignified, talented foreign lady more mature in years and experience than I.

The rooms on the floor below that I had vacated were occupied by two maiden lady sisters from some place in New York, both around 40 to 45 years old, and both of a rather acid, cattish disposition, which showed in their harp noses, ^{hard} ~~had~~ eyes, lines in their faces, suspicious attitude, and unkind gossipy remarks. Both were employed in minor capacities in the Treasury Department and boasted that they obtained their positions through the influence of their brother who was an editor of the Saturday Evening Post. These "old hens" as I thought of them, frequently waylaid me on the stairway and I was always uneasy until I made my escape. The washroom was on their floor and on one occasion I walked into it through the half open door and was confronted by one of the sisters washing her neck and arms. She was bare to the waist and I saw that in spite of her angular features her breasts were well rounded, white, and attractive. She looked up at me in a most matter of fact way, but in surprised confusion I fled precipitately.

I Meet My Fate.

In the autumn Madam Landlady announced casually that she was expecting a young lady friend from Kansas to visit her within a few ^adays. I was not interested. A few days later in passing through the entrance corridor I saw leaning against the stairs two large photographs of an attractive young woman in fancy white dress, flowing hair, and bare ~~arms~~ and shoulders, which was rather unusual in those days of enormous balloon sleeves. Little Victor was playing nearby and announced that the ~~pictures~~ photographs were pictures of Miss Jackson, which I remembered was the name of the young lady who was expected from Kansas. The next afternoon when I entered the hall I met ^{the young lady} ~~her~~ in almost the same spot where I had seen her photographs the previous day. I was a little taken aback because I had been told she would arrive the following week. She was perfectly selfpossessed, greeted me with a smile, and said "I ~~think~~ I know you from what Madam has said." To be polite, I asked her about her trip, whether or not it was her first visit to Washington, and passed on. I noted that she was not as good looking as her photographs indicated, that she was lame and slightly deformed, that she had large, expressive ~~eyes~~ soft brown eyes, an abundance of short, soft brown wavy hair, and that she was animated in speech and manner which made her attractive. Thereafter I could not help but notice that every afternoon when I entered at the accustomed hour she was there in the entrance corridor or in the little parlor room adjoining with the door open, so that there was the daily cheery greeting and attempt to hold me in conversation. Curiously enough I soon found myself looking forward expectantly to that greeting.

Within a week or ten days her piano arrived from her former home in Kansas, which struck me as a curious circumstance if she was to make only a short visit as Madam had said. The instrument was unpacked and set up the next day and I was invited down in the evening to hear her play. Altho^{ugh} she was not a good musician, she played and sang in a pleasing manner many old fashioned airs and hymns and songs that were popular in the 90's. Daily throughout the winter months I ^{saw} ~~sa~~ Miss Jackson either in the corridor or by invitation in the parlor. On several evenings she invited two Members of the House of Representatives from Kansas to spend the evening with her, the Madam, Madam's paramour, the newspaper correspondent, and myself. One of those members, ^{Charles Curtis,} later became Senator and Vice-President of the United States. At these gatherings cards were played and light refreshments served. I detested cards because of the waste of time, and while I could converse with one person alone on almost any subject of interest to that person I felt tongue-tied and mentally incapacitated in the presence of several people with whom I was not well acquainted. These occasional gatherings, therefore, were a severe trial to me, but I did not see my way clear to avoid them except by changing my lodgings, which I did not want to do because they suited me so well.

During the winter months Miss Jackson obtained employment in a clerical capacity with a private school on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Congressional Library that prepared students for civil service examinations. This did not interrupt our daily encounters at the house.

One evening she surprised me by coming up to my room, although it was an effort for her to climb stairs because of her lameness.

She said that Madam had gone out, that she was alone, and that she came up to borrow my typewriter. She had written a story for publication and wished to copy it on the machine. I let her have my portable typewriter rather reluctantly. While in the room she expressed a desire to look at the pictures on the walls and the books on the shelves. This pleased me, of course, and together we examined them, occasionally her puffed shoulder sleeves pressing lightly against me and her fluffy hair brushing my cheek. These little contacts and her unabashed confidence in me and her presence in my room aroused an interest in her that I did not feel before. As she showed no disposition to go and thinking she must be tired from climbing the stairs and standing so long, I invited her to sit down in a rocking chair near my desk. While she was toying with the things on the desk and to keep the conversation from lagging I asked her the cause of her lameness. She then proceeded to tell me her life history.

She ^{ai}said her father was from Ireland and her mother was of Irish descent. They were married in Ohio and moved to a small farm near Junction City, Kansas, where Nellie Catherine was born. The father died when she was an infant. At first the mother continued to operate the farm. When four or five years old Nellie Catherine had the measles, which left her with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism in her legs. The muscles contracted and ankylosis of the knees set in so that the child could neither stand nor walk. Then the mother rented the farm, moved to town and took in washing and sewing in order to earn money with which to pay for surgical operations and treatment to have the daughter cured, and to pay for tuition in private schools. After repeatedly break-

ing the knee joints, putting on plaster casts and otherwise torturing the child for several years, some of the best surgeons of St. Louis and Chicago said the case was hopeless. The mother ~~would~~ refused to acquiesce in this decision and would not give up hope. She consulted many quack doctors and tried many quack remedies without success. At last a surgeon suggested that if the ligaments back of the knee were cut, spliced and lengthened, and the solidified knee joints broken and kept from uniting again, the patient would be able to walk. This was tried and was partially successfull after a year of ~~treatment~~ extremely painful treatment. At first she could walk a little only with crutches, then with a cane, and ultimately without any artificial support, but one knee remained stiff which gave her a twisting motion when she walked and made stair climbing difficult. She was in her 15th or 16th year when this partial cure was effected. Her mother was overjoyed at the successful issue of her years of hard work, faith, hope, and selfsacrifice for her daughter. The daughter was then sent to a convent school and graduated with a fair commonschool education and a knowl~~edge~~^{from} of music, sewing, and other accomplishments. It was evident/~~throughout~~ her recital that her sufferings and physical helplessness throughout her childhood had appealed to relatives, friends, surgeons, nurses, teachers, and others, and that one of her compensations was the love and sympathy and human kindness with which she was surrounded. This and her suffering had kept her disposition sweet and given her an abiding faith in the kindness of all human beings. Her return to Junction City was a joyous one and she soon became the social center of her home town. She took part in recitals and ~~hame~~ theatricals

and it was on one of these occasions that the photographs I had seen were taken. Her mother was inordinately proud of her accomplishments and popularity. An event in her life was a visit to a friend in Arizona, and the story she had just written was founded on her life and observations while there. On the breaking out of the Spanish-American War she had volunteered as a nurse but was not accepted because of her youth and lameness. At this time she was in her 23d year. She said she had come to Washington at the invitation of Madam whom she had known in Kansas, to try to become selfsupporting, and repay her mother. She also said she had an Aunt in Kansas who ran a dressmaking and millinery establishment and another aunt and some cousins at Muncie, Indiana. I learned also that her salary at the school was very meager, barely enough to pay her board.

This recital of years of suffering, the obviously sweet, cheerful, merry disposition that resulted from it, and the brave struggle the young woman was making to earn her own living and repay her mother, made a strong appeal to my imagination and sympathy and I felt a strong desire to be of assistance. From that day forward as our acquaintanceship ripened into friendship and then into love I lost sight of her physical defects. Probably in no other way could I have overlooked her lameness, because I always had a strong physical aversion to ~~wretched~~ ~~wretched~~ ~~wretched~~ cripples and old people. During the weeks that followed I took her to the theater or concerts from time to time and occasionally we went to church together on Sunday. From the first she seemed to single me out for companionship, and after hearing her story I acquiesced. As spring opened I began to take her with me on car

rides to nearby points of interest, so that we were together more and more.

From time to time she visited me in my rooms and we had long conversations about her work and prospects, and about books and current events. The thought of marriage occurred to me occasionally, but her crippled condition was an obstacle that caused me to hesitate. I wondered if she could have children and whether she was strong enough to do house work, because my idea of married life and a home of my own included children and the care of the house by the wife, and I knew that my small salary would not be sufficient to employ a servant. Besides, she was not ~~xxx~~ at all like the wife I had always pictured to myself.

As spring advanced and our friendship became closer I debated the question more and more, always with the thought that I should not marry her unless I loved her and that if I really loved her such things as a crippled body or a small salary should not prevent me from marrying her. And yet these practical considerations were always in the background of my mind when I was with her or thought of her. Unquestionably had either she or I moved to another house and we had seen less of each other ~~o~~ we would simply have remained friends. *P* Finally one evening, to end the conflict in my mind, I took the decisive step. It was Sunday and we had been out together and picked some wild flowers. She came up to my room in the evening dressed in a soft, flimsy, diaphinous pink ~~dress~~ gown. She had daisies in her hair and carried one in her hand. She said she was lonely. Then she sat down on the couch. Her face and eyes were bright and in the dusk she was lovely. She motioned me to a seat beside her. Up to that moment we had always kept our distance in my room. I

accepted her invitation, with the thought that now I was in for it. She smiled at me and said "This is nice." Up to this time I had never touched her except to help her up or down steps or on and off street cars. Now, sitting at her side on the sofa and feeling her shoulder press against mine I had a strong desire to put my arm around her, clasp her by the waist and kiss her, but in my code of honor no gentleman would ever kiss a lady other than a near relative unless he intended to marry her. To do so would be either to take an ungentlemanly advantage of an innocent and defenceless woman, or be plain scandalous. The desire to hold her in my arms and kiss her growing stronger as I looked at her and saw the invitation in her eyes, my doubts ~~seem-~~^{ed} ~~in-~~ed to vanish and I said "My dear, you must know that I love you and want to marry you. Will you?" She looked at me and answered "But, this is so sudden." That answer was so unexpected as to be like a dash of cold water and I had a sudden feeling of disappointment, because I knew that she knew it was not true and I felt intuitively that she had planned the meeting and the setting and had invited me to sit at her side for the very purpose of encouraging me to ask that question. Fortunately she never knew how near I was to rising abruptly and disappearing to a hotel and never seeing her again. However, having asked her to marry me I felt that it was something irrevocable and too late to withdraw, so I repeated it, but not so earnestly and persuasively as at first and with half a hope that she would suggest delay, but she accepted instantly and positively and without any show of enthusiasm. The charm and glamour with which I had invested her were somewhat dimmed by her manner, but I proceeded to say "Now that we are engaged I may kiss you." She nodded

suggested her invitation, with the thought that now I was in for
it. She smiled at me and said "This is nice." Up to this time
I had never touched her except to help her up or down stairs or
on and off street cars. Now, sitting at her side on the sofa and
feeling her slender body against mine I had a strong desire to
put my arm around her, clasp her to the waist and kiss her. But
in my state of honor no gentleman would ever kiss a lady other
than a near relative unless he intended to marry her. To do
so would be either to take an unjustifiably advantage of me in
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sire to hold her to my arm and kiss her growing stronger as I
looked at her and saw the invitation in her eyes. My hands were
knelt as I waited and I said "My dear, you must know that I love
you and want to marry you. Will you?" She looked at me and an-
swered "That, this is no matter." That answer was so unexpected
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pose of encouraging me to ask that question. Fortunately she
never knew how near I was to making blunder and disappointing
to a hotel and never seeing her again. However, having asked
her to marry me I felt that it was absolutely irrevocable and was
able to withdraw, as I expected it, but not so easily and per-
suasively as at first and with half a hope that she would say
"yes" today, but she answered tentatively and positively and with-
out any show of enthusiasm. The chair and sofa were empty when I
had invited her with a promise of her answer, but I pro-
ceeded to say "Now that we are engaged I see that you are not

and I kissed her several times much as I would kiss my sister. ~~A~~ That detail being settled, I slipped my arm about her waist and we sat for half an hour or more discussing the date of the ceremony. *P* I was for getting married within a week because I abhorred the idea of a long engagement and could see no good reason why if we were to be married it should not be done immediately, the sooner the better. She demurred and said it could not be done under a month. Then we discussed the kind of wedding we should have. My proposal was that I should get the licence, that we be married by a justice of the peace, have a wedding party afterwards with a few invited friends, and then take a short honeymoon trip to Virginia Beach or Atlantic City, after which we would return and set up housekeeping. She opposed this, saying she had looked forward all her life to a real wedding in a church with all her relations, friends, acquaintances and the public present, a wedding gown, flowers, wedding march, wedding presents, pictures and accounts of the wedding in the newspapers, and so on, the whole show and all the trimmings. Of course I acquiesced, with the thought that thank goodness we would have to ^{be} married only once in a lifetime and she should have her wish, provided only that we kept within our means, because I would not go into debt even to be married. This led me to explain to her my exact financial situation, my salary, bank balance, and credit with the building and loan association. She listened but did not seem to be particularly interested.

After she left I did some sober thinking concerning the wisdom of my step, in which pleasurable anticipation of having a bride, a wife and a home of my own were mingled with some apprehension of the responsibility I was assuming, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

possible difficulties and complications, together with a shade of disappointment at the way I felt the stage had been set and the response that came to my proposal. This mingled feeling of pleasurable anticipation and apprehension continued.

The next morning I was met on the stairway and in the corridor by the other female occupants of the house and congratulated on my engagement, so it was evident they had all been promptly informed. The Madam was especially gracious and said she knew it was coming and that she was sure we would both be happy. The next few days seemed somewhat awkward. I had a feeling that all my spare time should be devoted to my promised wife and that, living under the same roof with her, I was no longer free to go and come without reference to her, which was a little depressing. She, on the other hand, seemed to be exhilarated. I soon discovered that she spent at least two evenings a week with friends whom I had not heard of before and that they engaged in card games and gossip, both of which I detested. She invited me to go with her to one of these parties the first week. For me it was a trying experience. There were several young couples who apparently wished to be considered "fast." I declined to join in the card games, pleading ignorance, and spent the evening studying the players and analyzing their attempts at making funny remarks. My future wife was the center of attraction and the life of the party. I noticed that the men treated her with respect, but that the women cast malicious glances at her. After this experience I declined to go with my intended to these card parties on the ground that I had something better to do.

Within a week after our engagement Nellie Catherine announced that her mother would arrive in a few days. In fact, she

arrived the day following. I cannot say that I was overjoyed to meet her, although I realized that it was only natural that the daughter should want her mother to be present at her wedding. She was a middle-aged, heavy, plain, asthmatic woman, showing signs of having been through much trouble and hard work. She appeared to be good-hearted, shrewd, unlettered, plainly Irish, devoted to and inordinately proud of her daughter. Also the shape of her jaw and the expression of her face denoted pugnacity and great determination and one could readily see that she could and probably would be a formidable antagonist if crossed. She seemed to approve of me from the first and became embarrassingly affectionate. She said that on receiving her daughter's telegram she had taken the first train to Washington, that she would remain until after the wedding, and that her Sister, Ellen, the dressmaker, had begun at once on the wedding outfit. The next day mother and daughter moved to a rented room on 18th St. in the square now occupied by the Interior Building. ~~But~~ I called on them each evening and either sat with Nellie ~~Mc~~Catherine on the sofa or we took a short stroll around the square.

As the days passed I began to realize what was involved in a formal wedding. I had to buy an engagement ring and a wedding ring, to make up a list of friends and acquaintances to be invited, select paper and envelopes and have them engraved for the invitations, get the marriage license, engage the preacher and the church, St. Johns, an organist and a choir, door keeper, ushers, grooms, and carriages. Also a house to live in, and a dress suit and the things that went with it to be married in. I was told that it was customary for the bridegroom to present each of the grooms with a new silk hat, gloves, and a gold scarf pin. Then

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it was suggested that I should have a new outfit as well as the bride, which meant ordering a new dress suit, silk hat, patent leather shoes, white gloves, and other clothing. Then Nellie Catherine and I had to go househunting. This we both enjoyed, partly because everyone seemed to take it for granted that we were already married. We ultimately decided to rent for the summer months a furnished house on Corcoran Street between 16th and 17th owned by a single lady who was leaving for the summer and wished to have responsible people occupy the house in her absence.

A few days before the wedding Nellie Catherine threw her arms about my neck and said "You would not separate my mother and me right after the wedding, would you darling? She wants to stay on and see us settled in our new home." "Darling" had looked forward to having his wife to himself after the wedding foolishness was over but, of course, could not refuse such a plea at such a time and promptly consented, but not with overwhelming enthusiasm.

The invitations were sent out and in due time our excitement grew as the presents began to come in. Most of them were of no particular value or use but Nellie Catherine and her mother fluttered about them with joy. Some came from friends and relatives of Nellie Catherine in Kansas and Indiana. Others came from my family in Texas, but I have forgotten what they were. The most pretentious of all the presents came from my division in the War Department, a dinner set of decorated china. The best man and grooms were fellow clerks from the stenographic ~~and~~ section.

I cannot remember whether the wedding day was on the 10th of May or the 10th of June, but I do remember that it was one of

it was suggested that I should have a new outfit as well as the
 bride, which meant ordering a new dress suit, silk hat, patent
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the hottest months ever experienced in Washington and the temperature was at its maximum on that particular day and for many days thereafter. We began moving our things into the Corcoran Street house a few days before the wedding. On the day of the wedding we all worked like Trojans getting things arranged. Mrs. Dare, an old friend of the Jackson family and wife of Major Dare, chief clerk of the Quartermaster General's Office, took charge of preparing the wedding supper and refreshments. A negro cook and waiters were employed especially for the occasion. Mrs. Dare and one of the bridesmaids dressed the bride and there was a great flutter to get the operation done on time. At last I was permitted to see her. She was a vision of loveliness. The gown was of cream colored satin, with a long train, and trimmed with lace. Her natural warm color was heightened by a touch of rouge and powder. Her soft, wavy, fluffy hair was done up in a bewitching manner. Over all was a transparent white veil with some kind of delicate flowers, and she carried a bouquet of flowers in her hand. As a finishing touch Mrs. Dare fastened a diamond pin in the bride's hair so the society reporter could say that she "wore diamonds." When this important operation was concluded we had to hurry to the waiting carriages to reach the church at the appointed time. Nellie Catherine, her mother, Major and Mrs. Dare went in one carriage, and the best man and I in another.

The church was full, practically all the clerks of my division being present, as well as a host of friends and acquaintances of the bride. The ceremony passed off without a hitch. Major Dare, who was a man of large size and much dignity, gave the bride away. My own thought while going through the ceremony was that it was unnecessarily complicated and foolish, a relic of

primitive barbaric times.

I could understand the friendly grins of my office associates but not why it was that the mother, Mrs. Dare, and even some of the women who were strangers, should shed tears. However the ceremony did not last long and we were soon making our way through the throng in the vestibule and into the waiting carriages. My wife and I rode together this time, headed the procession, and were the first to enter the house to receive our guests. There was much scurrying too and fro and some confusion in disposing of silk hats and gloves and in finding seats for everyone. The heat was stifling and was aggravated by the crowd indoors. Then followed the supper, which was a success so far as one could be on such a hot evening. Some of the guests lingered and it was past midnight when they left and at last we were alone. We were both exhausted from the work, nervous strain, and intense heat. I was relieved to think that all the foolishness was over, that the women had had the time of their lives, and that everything had passed off without a hitch. Mother Jackson wore a look of triumphant satisfaction. She accompanied us to the bridal chamber and fairly gloated over us until I thought she would never leave. I suggested that we were all tired^u out and had better try to get some sleep before morning, which we did.

After Effects.

Early the next morning Mother Jackson came into our room with hot coffee, and this became a custom which I came to enjoy. We all felt the effects of the strain of the previous day. Fortunately there were no visitors and we could relax. The heat was intense, and so continued for some weeks. I had vetoed the idea of a honeymoon trip because of the cost of the wedding and

the extreme heat and my belief that one can be more comfortable in his own home during a hot spell than in a single room in a hotel or boarding house. The Washington papers carried an account of the wedding that I learned later was prepared by my wife. I was sent out to buy extra copied to mail to relatives. The second day Mother Jackson asked me if my life was insured and seemed rather urgent about it. That evening both Major and Mrs. Dare spoke to me separately about it. Within a few days I was overwhelmed with a flood of insurance literature and pestered with telephone and personal calls of insurance agents. Evidently getting married was regarded as a hazardous business. As a matter of fact I had taken out a twenty-year tontine policy ~~when~~ when I first came to Washington and had told my wife about it; and after the wholly uncalled for solicitude had subsided I told Mother Jackson about it and ~~added and~~ when she asked why I did not tell her and the Dare's about it I said I thought it concerned no one but myself and wife.

As the days went by wife and I and Mother Jackson became accustomed to each other's ways and I began to enjoy home life, especially after my leave of absence expired and I resumed the daily routine at the office. I found, as was inevitable, ^{that married life} involves a sacrifice of one's time and personal interests and many responsibilities. No longer could I enjoy quiet evenings in reading, but must be prepared to make myself agreeable to miscellaneous company. From my wife I learned many things about women that I had never suspected and that there had been an incredible amount of gossip ~~and~~ about her and me among the women at the house in which we had lived. They had made unkind remarks and hinted at scandals as far from my mind as the moon. ^POne evening

The entire staff and my sister had one and the same...
in the same house during a hot spell in a small room in a
hotel or boarding house. The Washington Post carried an ac-
count of the wedding that I looked later was reported by my
wife. I was not out to pay extra to get to the wedding.
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ly getting parties was regarded as a business business. As a
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when I first came to Washington and had told my wife about it.
and after that wholly neglected for a while and I told
Mother Jackson about it and she said when she asked me I did
not tell her and she said that I said I would not tell her.
ed no one but myself and wife.
In the days when I was with Mother Jackson became
convinced to see other's ways and I began to enjoy them more,
especially after my leave of absence expired and I resumed the
daily routine at the office. I found, as was to be expected,
a complete change of one's time and personal interests and way of
organization. No longer could I enjoy doing anything in re-
lax, but must be prepared to make myself available to the public.
noble society. From my wife I learned many things about women
that I had never suspected and that they had been an interest-
ful amount of knowledge about the world and about the things of the
house in which we had lived. They had made many friends and
placed at present in the line of the world. The world

my wife announced that we were going to visit the newspaper
and paramour
friend/of Madam, our former landlady, Mr. U. To gratify her I
consented to go. We were made cordially welcome by Mr. U. and his
pleasant little wife and I liked them both. Both were people
of culture, had traveled, and were artistic and literary. Then
Madam arrived and the scene and atmosphere changed completely.
Neither my wife nor Madam greeted each other or spoke, but star-
ed each other in the face as if they were entire strangers. It
was extremely embarrassing to our hosts and to me. I turned to
my wife and suggested that it was time we were returning. She shook
her head. The card table was brought out and the four sat down
and played several games. Both Nellie Catherine and the Madam
looked daggers at each other. When the third game was finished
and my patience exhausted I announced that we were going, and I
thanked our hosts for a very pleasant evening. I was furious and
when we reached home I demanded an explanation. Nellie Catherine
said that the Madam had been talking slanderously about her and
had said to various mutual friends that she could have married me
if she had a mind to and had visited me in my room every evening,
but that she was provided for and had generously arranged to let
Nellie Catherine have me. This was not especially complimentary
to me, to say the least, and I expressed incredulity. It was then
I learned that the Madam had never been married, although she
was several times a mother and was now the mistress of Mr. U.
Also I learned something of the intimate relations of some of
the young men and women I had met at one of their card parties.
Nellie Catherine vowed that she did not propose to let those wo-
men circulate stories and gossip about our innocent courtship
and marriage. I laughed at her and said that nothing such peo-

my wife announced that we were going to visit the newspaper
and our son
friend of mine, our former business partner, Mr. J. E. Smith, who I
communicated to. We were made exceedingly welcome by Mr. J. and his
pleasant little wife and I liked them both. Both were people
of culture, had traveled, and were artistic and literary. Their
home was in the center and atmosphere seemed somewhat
different by which the women created each other of shock, but that
at least other in the room as if they were visiting friends. It
was extremely comfortable to our hosts and to me. I found in
my wife and daughter that it was like we were visiting. The shock
had passed. The two girls were brought out and the four sat down
and played several games. Both Nellie's father and the women
looked at each other. When the girls came in, I was
and my father-in-law I mentioned that we were going, and I
thanked our hosts for a very pleasant evening. I was relaxed and
when we reached home I thanked the women and Nellie's father
and told the women and Nellie's father how much I enjoyed the evening
and told the women and Nellie's father that we would have been glad
if she had a ride to the bus and visited me in my room every evening.
But that she was provided for and had everything arranged for her
Nellie's father-in-law was. This was an especially comfortable
to me, to say the least, and I expressed my gratitude. It was then
I learned that the women and never been married, although she
was married once before and was now the mistress of Mr. J.
Also I learned something of the father's relations of some of
the young men and women I had met at one of their social parties.
Nellie's father-in-law would not let me propose to let them be-
come acquainted with me and would not let me become acquainted
and acquainted. I learned at last that the women and

ple could say could hurt or affect us in the slightest degree, that most of them were empty-headed gossips, and that the thing to do was to let them severely alone; that I did not ~~o~~ want one of them to enter my house, I would refuse to personally call on one of them, ^{and} ~~X~~ I hoped she would have nothing to do with them in the future. My wife was inclined to argue the point on the ground that it would be unjust to expect her to give up all her friends. I assured her that I was not asking her to give up friends but to discard ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ gossips and scandalmongers who were not friends but enemies. I said that I would not knowingly criticise a real friend of hers, but I reminded her of the card party I had attend^{ed} in her company before we were married where I met the small group who were involved in the gossip, and I proceeded to give my estimate of each and every one of them in the most scathing terms I could command. She was astonished and wide-eyed. I assured her that these people were utterly contemptible and worthless and we could not afford to waste any time on them or be identified with them in any way. I said that Mr. and Mrs. U. were unquestionable nice people and would be very agreeable acquaintances and I should be pleased to visit back and forth were it not for their relationship to the Madam, but that relationship ~~would~~ and the enmity between my wife and the Madam would make further acquaintance with them impossible. I concluded by saying that I had lived so far without any contact with gossip or scandal which I considered nasty and worse than useless when there are so many worth-while things to do in the world and I did not care to know or to have anything to do with people who indulged in it because I could not respect them. This outburst was met with silence, but it was the last I heard of the matter.

Wife soon recovered her usual good spirits. Usually she was in high good humor, ^{was} ~~and spirits~~, full of pranks, and very good company. One evening while I was absorbed in a book she stole up stairs and dressed in my bicycle suit, knickers, hose, shirt, collar, ~~and~~ necktie, and cap, and made herself up as a man. She slipped out the back way without attracting attention, came through a side alley to the front of the house and rang the door bell. I answered it and on opening the door saw what appeared to be a good looking young man with a smiling face who inquired if Mr. Roscoe Smith lived here. I answered "No, you are mistaken." She smiled and apologised and just then I noticed her slippers and it dawned on me who she was. I caught her up in my arms and deposited her on the sofa, saying that I had caught a swindler and would turn him over to the police. She greatly enjoyed the joke she had played on me. Nearly every evening, whether we had visitors or not, she played the piano and sang old-time songs, which I enjoyed. Occasionally we went to a theater or concert or for a trolley ride, always taking mother Jackson along.

^P Mother Jackson never said anything about terminating her visit, but it was understood she would leave when our summer lease ended. I had read, of course, the numerous slighting references to mother's ⁱⁿ ^{law} and counted myself fortunate in Mother Jackson. She was extremely devoted to her daughter, and apparently to me, generally effaced herself and did most of the house work. She was a good cook and had a cheerful disposition and often reminded her daughter of little things to do for me. All of which I appreciated.

Another Visit from Mother.

The night of my engagement to Nellie Catherine I wrote to mother about it and in due time received a nice letter from her, as did also Nellie Catherine. I kept up my lifelong practice of writing to mother ~~weekly~~ or father weekly, keeping them informed of what I was doing and seeing. In the latter part of August I received a letter from mother saying that she would take advantage of the G.A.R. excursion rates to Philadelphia and stop off to visit us for a week or ten days. I wrote, of course, that we would be delighted to have her visit us, but in doing so I was apprehensive of the result, because it dawned on me for the first time that my mother had been displaced by a wife in monopoly claims upon me, that while my wife was congenial to me she might not be to ~~my mother~~ a jealous mother, and I knew beforehand that two mothers-in-law could not be expected to get along together in the same house, but I hoped we might get through a short visit, without open hostilities between them. It turned out much as I had expected. I felt some embarrassment in introducing mother to Nellie Catherine and her mother. Mother seemed to feel that she was something of an intruder in a strange family, in spite of my best efforts to conciliate all three. Nellie Catherine obviously felt subdued but valiantly tried to be agreeable. Mother Jackson felt her inferiority and was by turns sullen or voluble. During the early part of mother's visit I continued my daily work at the office, which meant that mother and I were never alone together. She spoke of leaving a few days sooner than she had expected and that she would have to go to Philadelphia to have her ^{return} ticket validated. I at once proposed to accom-

pany her so as to be with her awhile longer before her return to Texas. I did not ask Nellie Catherine to go with us, partly because I knew mother wanted to have me to herself and partly because of the extra expense. Mother and I made the trip together, spent two nights and a day in Philadelphia, arranged for her return ticket, and did some sightseeing. We went to Carpenters Hall where the first Continental Congress was held, saw the Liberty Bell, visited the city hall, took a trolley ride out to Fairmount Park, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. It seemed like old times to be together. Mother was very sympathetic to me, but I could not help observing her reserve in ^e speaking of the family I had acquired. She did say, however, that Nellie Catherine was tal~~x~~ented and would help me because she was socially ambitious, which I was not. I was glad to have had the opportunity to be with mother alone, but not sorry when she left because of the latent tension which I intuitively felt existed between her and the wife and mother-in-law.

I Buy a House.

After mother left we settled down to a ^{peaceful} ~~peaceful~~ routine. As our lease would expire in about six weeks I began to ponder the relative merits of renting furnished apartments, unfurnished rooms or a house and buying our own furniture, or buying a house outright on the instalment plan. I did not like the idea of renting, because the payment of rent seemed such an endless thing without anything to show for it at the end of any given period, and then, too, I felt that one can never really have a home in rented quarters because if anything happened that the

rent could not be paid he could be turned out on the street. I knew that paying for a house would pinch my ^a salary and meant years of economizing and sacrifice, but I counted that the feeling of satisfaction in owning one's home, of being a proprietor, a property owner, a tax payer, and a substantial citizen, would more than compensate for the sacrifice, and sometime, barring unforeseen misfortune, we would have something tangible to show for what we had paid out or in. When I discussed the matter with Nellie Catherine she readily acquiesced in my point of view. Then came an exciting time, a sort of game with us, scanning the advertising columns of houses for sale and marking those that looked promising. Then we had to look at the houses and and imagine how we would fit them up to suit our needs. The cost of our church wedding had cut into my small bank balance so that I could make an initial payment of only a few hundred dollars, and we had agreed that about \$6,000 would be our limit. We found that most of the houses advertised for sale at that price were far out or in undesirable situations, and that all of them were small and inconvenient, with diminutive rooms and corridors. After many disappointments and much discouragement we finally purchased a four-story and basement brick house at 1026 17th Street, N.W., between K and L Streets and only a few squares from the War Department where I worked and the White^Hhouse. It was an old house but had ten rooms, two bathrooms, a front balcony, a porch in the rear, a small back yard to an alley, and a lawn space in front. It was heated with old-fashioned latrobes, or coal stoves set in the wall, and had a kitchen range for cooking and hot water. The rooms were fairly large and had high ceilings. It was so near to the War Department that I could easily walk home for

luncheon. ^PThe price was \$6,000, with a first trust of \$5,000 at five percent interest. I sold my building and loan association stock for enough to make an initial payment ^{at} \$500, and gave 50 promissory notes for \$10 each for the remaining \$500 payable monthly. Then I exhausted my bank balance in buying some cheap furniture for our new home. As we did not need all the rooms we planned to keep the two lower floors and basement for ourselves and rent the two upper floors. My wife and I concluded the deal quickly. After the papers were signed Mother Jackson was much exercised because I had not consulted Major Dare and she seemed a little peeved when I said, "Why, I did not know that he had anything to do with it; my wife and I are buying the house and expect to pay for it and I don't see that it is anybody's business but ours." The next evening Major Dare called and began questioning me about the house. I told him frankly my views on the subject, what I had learned by following up advertisements and inspecting houses, and the terms upon which I had bought this one, and he expressed his unqualified ^Papproval and said he thought we had got a bargain and mentioned a similar house nearby that had recently sold for \$10,000. Mother Jackson was mollified. We moved into our new home ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ the last week in September and almost immediately had to start the fires because of the cold.

Within a few weeks we rented the two upper floors to an employee of the Quartermaster's Department, his wife and little ~~girl~~ girl. The rent they paid supplemented my salary and helped with the living expenses and payments on the house. From the first it was a great satisfaction to be living in our own house, and wife made curtains and draperies and arranged things to the best advantage so that everything looked homelike and attractive.

(1899)

~~E--435.375~~

J She seemed to have entirely given up her former acquaintances to whom I had such an aversion and day by day became more domestic. Mother Jackson said nothing about returning to her home in Kansas and it began to look as if she were a fixture. She was still agreeable, brought coffee to us regularly in the morning before we got up, and seemed fully absorbed with the housework and worshipful devotion to her daughter, which made her presence unobjectionable although it was wholly contrary to my ideas of married life. It had always seemed to me that the normal and best course for a newly married couple was to live alone, at least for the first year or two. They marry each other with that intention, they are founding a new and independent family, and the presence of any other person is an intrusion and a complicating factor, especially if that other person be one of the parents who has enjoyed and exercised monopoly rights and authority over one or the other of the newly-weds. I suspect that all young people when they become engaged think they are marrying the object of their affection and not his or her relatives or friends. I know that I felt that way about it and only learned by sad experience that I was mistaken.

I am Promoted.

With the new year, 1900, I was transferred to the correspondence division and promoted to \$1⁴/₀₀, at which I was much elated. I liked the new assignment. Instead of being subject to call by the ringing of a bell and jumping and running with my notebook to take dictation I now had to study record evidence, formulate abstracts, briefs, and statements based upon the records, apply the law, draw conclusions and dictate briefs, de-

cisions, and letters for the signature of the chief, Col, Ainsworth. This was the highest class of work in the division and I was its youngest member.

A
Our First and Only Quarrel.

Returning home one evening I found Nellie Catherine looking very sober. After the supper table was cleared and Mother Jackson had retired my wife said she had a confession to make. Surprised by her appearance of hesitation and embarrassment I asked kindly what it was all about. She then explained that in order to finance her part of the wedding expenses she had gone to one of the loan sharks in Washington and obtained a loan of \$300 at usurious rates of interest and payable immediately after the wedding. When the note fell due she renewed it at a still higher rate of interest, and this had happened each succeeding month. She had given her only possession, the piano, as security, and now the loan shark threatened to take possession of it, and if she declined to let him have it he would bring suit in open court and expose her. At first I was shocked and stricken and then angry because of the utter foolishness of incurring expenses that neither she nor I could afford and, what hurt me most, was the concealment and apparent lack of confidence in me. I felt that I had been deceived, because when I married I had thought there should be no secrets between husband and wife and there ^{had} ~~had~~ been none on my part. I reproached her for not having told me about it before we bought the house and tied up my income in such a way that it would pinch us severely to pay the debt. I demanded the papers and she turned them over to me. On examination they proved to be legal in form, as I expected, and only the legal rate of interest was mentioned, the excess interest having been

deducted in advance from the face amount of the loan and the credits for monthly payments. The more I thought about the matter the worse I felt, because of the concealment, the unexpected debt, and the object for which it was incurred, and I must have showed it in manner and speech. She sat in her chair the picture of woe and said nothing, which was perhaps the wisest thing she could have done.

The next day I drew out practically all the money I had in the bank, went to the loan shark and paid off the debt and got his receipt, and then started to tell the representative of the loan company what I thought of its methods of doing business, but did not finish before a wooden shutter was suddenly pulled across the opening in the wall behind which the agent sat. Evidently the window was designed for just such situations. I was so wrought up about the whole transaction that I did not go home as usual for luncheon and after the office closed I walked around and around the Elipse below the White House in the rain, pondering the situation. My conclusion was that the whole thing resulted from my wife's very natural desire for a display wedding, encouraged by the vanity of her doting mother, and that having gotten into the toils of the conscient^{cf}less money lender they were helpless, and that it was wrong for me to take it so hard and be severe upon them; at any rate the best thing to do was to regard it as a closed incident and try to forget it. I walked home tired and wet. Nellie Catherine looked miserable but trying to smile. Mother Jackson was very quiet, ominously quiet, and there was a new and menacing glitter in her eye that boded no good.

A Baby is On the Way.

In a few days the incident of the loan was forgotten and never thereafter mentioned. Nellie Catherine became, if anything, more affectionate and agreeable than ever. Then came an announcement that filled us with joy and became the center of interest for some months. She expected to become a mother. Mother Jackson was ecstatic. We speculated as to whether it would be a boy or a girl and Mother Jackson cited ^{innumerable} signs and ~~incidents~~ ^{portents} indicating that it would be a boy. In the course of the next few weeks she displayed an astounding lot of lore relating to childbirth. I asked my wife what doctor she thought we should engage to look after her. She, of course, did not know any more than I. Her mother consulted with Mrs. Dare, but she was childless and without experience in such matters. I talked with one of my office colleagues, Dr. Davidson, who had recently assisted in bringing several infants into the world with apparent success. He gave me some guarded advice, and when I suggested to Nellie Catherine that Dr. Davidson might do, she readily acquiesced, as did her mother; so he was engaged. He suggested at once that my wife should go to a hospital at the proper time where the necessary facilities were provided and she would have every attention, but both she and her mother protested against the hospital idea. Then the doctor said we should engage a nurse and he undertook to get one for us. Also he gave me a list of the things needed, which I promptly purchased. Then followed several months of uncertainty during which we lived in happy expectation of the wonderful event, and the wife and her mother busied themselves in making a little bed and diminutive

garments. Nellie Catherine appeared to be in the best of health and very happy and our affection for each other was intensified.

As her time approached in April there was much uncertainty and a background of anxiety, in spite of the doctor's assurance that everything was allright. I could not help but wonder that after long ages of experience, countless births, and a steady increase in population neither parents nor physicians had discovered any means of predicting the sex of coming babies nor the time when they might be expected to appear, and why there appeared to be an element of danger to both mother and child, and why it should involve so much pain and distress.

At last, after many false alarms, the event actually happened. The doctor, with a trained surgeon to assist him, a trained nurse, and Mother Jackson, were present. I was excluded and sat in a room below, smoking steadily and imagining all sorts of things. About an hour after the surgeon arrived I heard sounds above as of a commotion and soon thereafter the nurse called down to me "It's a boy." I asked when I could see it and she said "presently." A moment later the surgeon left with his case of instruments, saying that everything was all right. I was admitted to the room and went directly to Nellie Catherine who looked very white and wan but with an ineffable smile in her eyes. I could see that she was partly under the influence of ^{an} ~~the~~ anaesthetic. The nurse brought the baby over for me to see. It was small and very red all over, with wrinkled face, blue eyes, and dark hair. I was interested in it, of course, but my whole thought was for Nellie Catherine and her suffering. The doctor soon left us, saying that all was well and that the nurse

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would know what to do. The wife was drowsy, but could not sleep and seemed to want me at her side. I sat at the bedside holding her hand all through the long evening and night, although I had great difficulty in keeping awake because of the semidarkness, the quiet, and fatigue from the effect of the strain. However, it gave the nurse a chance to sleep so that she would be fresh the next day.

Then followed a trying period. The second day I returned to the office. The nurse and Mother Jackson looked after the patient and the baby during the day. At night they were tired and had to get some sleep. I could ^{not} afford to employ a second nurse. It fell to my lot, therefore, to sit up most of the night to relieve them. I did it willingly and cheerfully, thinking that it was only for a temporary period and that at the end of two weeks the wife would be up and about. But it did not so happen. At the end of two weeks the doctor said the patient would have to remain in bed awhile longer. At the end of three weeks he called in another doctor and they announced that she had typhoid fever and laid out a new course of treatment. Also they decided that the baby must be fed on specially prepared milk. The doctor wrote out the formula and loaned me a sterilizer, and thenceforward I prepared and sterilized the required number of bottles each morning. And so it went on indefinitely, daily work in the office, nursing wife and child at night, and running into debt for doctors, the nurse, and medicines. ^{HP} The doctors had said that the typhoid fever would run its course in three weeks, and as the end of that period approached our hopes grew that the patient might sit up and begin to recover. At the end of the

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period, however, these hopes were dashed when the doctors said there had been a reinfection and there would be another three week period of waiting. At the end of the second period they again said there was reinfection. Nellie Catherine was a good patient, but suffered greatly and grew visibly weaker and more despondent as the weeks went by. The doctors gave daily injections of digitalis in addition to medicines.

One afternoon when I returned from the office I found a strange large woman in the parlor. It was Nellie Catherine's Aunt Ellen from Kansas, whom Mother Jackson had sent for without my knowledge. The next day relatives from Indiana arrived. Nellie Catherine was too weak to see these relatives or even to be told that they had arrived. I was worn out with work, worry, and loss of sleep. Mother Jackson, although she had lost no sleep, was frantic and almost insane with apprehension. Two other physicians were called into consultation, Dr. Bové being one of them. They said nothing could be done that had not already been done. Within an hour Mother Jackson had called in another physician, ^{Dr. Crossan,} whom some one had recommended. It was left for me to discharge the other four physicians so that this one might be free to take the case. He said to me that nothing could be done, but I begged him to take the case and do what was humanly possible to relieve the patient and pacify the insane mother.

I Lose my Wife.

A day or two later a change for the worse was obvious and I obtained leave of absence from the War Department to remain with my dying wife. It was an insufferably hot day in late July or early August. Up to 9 a.m. the ice wagon had not

brought the daily quota of ice and our supply was exhausted. The patient was feverish and calling for ice. Her mother became frantic. I had telephoned twice for a supply and it was promised, but did not come. Mother Jackson began to berate me for the failure to provide ice. I dashed out on the street hoping to see an ice wagon, but none was visible. I went to three stores in succession to beg a small piece and finally obtained a small chunk at a drug store and raced back to the house with it in my hand. I had been out of the house less than five minutes, but in that short interval the end had come.

I was glad, glad that the long period of suffering was over, but appalled at the tragedy of it; the vision of a bright, joyous, merry, young woman, loving daughter and wife, who had approached the greatest event in a woman's life, motherhood, so hopefully, beautifully, and happily, to have had to endure three months of slow physical torture, mental disappointment, and the thoughts that must have tormented her--and then death. It was horrible and I was stunned, but glad, glad, glad that her troubles were over.

Relatives and friends were very sympathetic and seemed to come from everywhere. I was kept too busy to realize my misfortune or to brood over the tragedy. There was the baby to look after, the undertaker to engage, the funeral service to arrange, the notice to be inserted in the papers, the lot in the cemetery to purchase, and other details. The funeral service was held in St. John's Episcopal Church and I nearly broke down as the preacher read the service in the same spot where the marriage service had been performed a little more than a year before, and the contrast between the living and triumphant bride then and

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the pale saintly form in the casket now was almost more than I could bear. Throughout the trying day Mother Jackson bore herself in stately fashion and seemed to derive satisfaction from the ceremony and public spectacle--a spectacle that grated upon my sensibilities and filled me with great longing to flee and hide. The burial took place in Rock Creek Cemetery.

Sequellae.

It was a great relief when at last we were set down at our own door and a consolation to know that we had the baby, Marion Otis as it had been named, to remind us of the departed and to love and care for. We discharged the nurse and employed a colored girl to help with the housework and look after the baby. A few days later when ~~many of the~~ relatives ^{were} about to return to Indiana Mother Jackson announced that she had decided to go with a sister to Muncie, Indiana, and take the baby with her. I looked at her in surprise and asked her if it was her baby or mine. She said it was her daughter's baby and belonged to her. I answered that she was mistaken in claiming the baby, that it was mine and I would not consent to be separated from it. At first she was furious and said that having murdered her daughter I proposed to kill her grandchild. I flared up and told her that unless she retracted and apologized for what she had said and changed her whole attitude and manner toward me, the husband of her ^daughter, the father of her child, and the owner of the house and all that was in it, she could not expect to remain in the house a single night. This brought a deadly calm. She did not apologize but changed her tone and I did not press the point. She asked how I proposed to care for

the baby. I said I would probably employ a trained nurse for awhile and then have it cared for in a children's hospital where it would receive every attention. She expressed horror that "her precious baby" should be subjected to the brutal treatment of nurses. Seeing that I was obdurate, she then asked very humbly if she might stay and care for the baby. I readily consented with the proviso that it was to be distinctly understood that this was only a temporary arrangement during the early infancy of the child until a better arrangement could be found. Later I had cause to bitterly regret this arrangement to which I consented, but I was worn out and stricken, and full of sympathy for the broken mother who had lost her life's dearest treasure, and it seemed to me that the departed daughter would have it so and that the least I could do for the grief-stricken mother was to allow her to remain and care for the child. Also it seemed to me that her age, her experience, and her own devotion to the child would insure that it had the best of care and attention. The relatives all agreed that this was the best arrangement possible and they departed the next day.

Worries

7 We soon settled down to a daily routine. Every morning before breakfast I prepared the required number of bottles of the special milk prescribed by the doctor, did my work at the office during the day, returned promptly when the office closed and took charge of the baby. Usually it slept during the day and was wide awake when I returned. It was not thriving and suffered from colicky pains. From time to time Mother Jackson would enter the room, snatch up the baby, cover it with kisses, and walk the floor with it. As the weeks passed it seemed to cry most of the time, either from physical pain or discomfort or

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 most of the time, when from physical pain or discomfort or

from temper, or possibly simply for exercise. Mother Jackson and the maid retired early and slept well and late. I had the baby's cradle by my bedside. In the evening I would try to read or write, as I often brought work home from the office, subject to frequent interruptions from the colicky, crying of the baby. Through the night I would have to wake at certain hours to feed him. Usually he did not fall asleep until morning. He would then sleep like a cherub most of the day and be ready for business when I returned from the office. Sometimes I would hear Mother Jackson telling visitors about her trouble in caring for the baby, for which she always got much sympathy. However, as nearly as I could discover, the maid actually cared for the baby during the day and all that Mother Jackson did was to wheel him out in his carriage in the afternoon and solicit admiration from the neighbors.

I borrowed enough money to pay off the bills that had accumulated, giving my note secured by a second deed of trust on the house. Then I mapped out a course of stringent economy in order to pay off this debt, make the semiannual payments of interest on the house, and keep up my life insurance. Mother Jackson paid for the tombstone for my wife's grave when I told her that I could not afford to buy one until after the debts incurred for her last illness were paid for.

Sale of the House.

These financial difficulties led me to think that now our dream of family life in our own home had come to naught I was no longer justified in trying to pay for a house I did not need. I explained my situation ~~frexx~~ to the agents from whom I had bought the house and asked them to find a buyer. Within a week they reported they had found a purchaser, a widow who had no

from being, or possibly being, for exercise. Mother Jackson and the wife visited daily and stayed in the house. I had the baby's arrival by the telephone. In the evening I would try to read or write, as I often brought with me from the office, subject to frequent interruptions from the telephone, crying of the baby. Through the night I would have to wake at certain hours to feed him. Usually he did not fall asleep until morning. He would then sleep like a church mouse of the day and be ready for business when I reached from the office. Sometimes I would hear Mother Jackson tell her visitors about her trouble in caring for the baby, for which she always got much sympathy. However, as nearly as I could discover, the wife actually cared for the baby during the day and all that Mother Jackson did was to wheel him out to his carriage in the afternoon and collect attention from the neighbors.

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Wife of Jackson

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money for a down payment, but would take the place off my hands at \$7,000, assume the first mortgage for \$5,000, and pay for the remainder of the principal and interest at the rate of \$75 per month, payable in advance, and secured by a second trust, I to give possession at the end of the current month. This would mean an ultimate profit to me of \$1,000, relief from indebtedness, and a small addition to my monthly income. I promptly accepted the offer and began to look about for cheap quarters.

It was not so simple as in the days before I was married because now I had to provide quarters for a mother-in-law, a child, and a maid, as well as the additional furniture we had accumulated. I finally rented the second floor of a two-story brick house at the southwest corner of 12th and N Streets. It was a corner house with windows on three sides, and the first floor was occupied by a grocery store. Mother Jackson protested strenuously against the sale of the house and the quarters I had rented. She became so difficult to get along with that the colored girl that Mother Jackson had selected left us and I had to find another. I was not sorry because the first girl was tall, lank, and repulsive in appearance. The one I engaged was neat, & plump, willing, and cheerful. For that very reason Mother Jackson soon showed great animosity to her on the ground that she was attractive to me. Within a week she asked me to discharge the girl, but I refused in the absence of any reason other than personal dislike and because the girl was industrious, efficient, and agreeable.

→ We moved on the last day of ^{Moving} November and the purchaser of the 17th Street house moved in the next day after paying the first instalment of \$75. I had left two tons of coal in the

bin for which she agreed to pay me, but never did. Also my former tenants remained on the two upper floors. Just before Christmas the tenant came over to see me one evening and to tell me that the new landlady was acting in a very suspicious manner. He said that they were without heat part of the time and that the landlady was making no effort to rent rooms, ~~as she~~ ^{and} had said her plan was, but was showing people over the place as prospective buyers. Evidently she was trying to make a quick sale and a profit on her venture. He proposed that if the landlady did not furnish heat that he withhold the rent. I said that the matter was beyond my control, but if the lady did not pay for the coal I had left and defaulted on the next or any payment I would immediately take steps to have her dispossessed. That is what happened. No heat was supplied, no rent was paid, and no payment made on the coal or the second instalment. I wrote the lady and got no reply. I called several times and she was out. After waiting ten days I instructed the agents to proceed to oust the woman and regain possession. This they did. There was a trial and I got judgement, a warrant was issued, her attorney evaded it by pleading illness of his client, but my agent followed the matter up vigorously and succeeded in getting her out on the last day of January. We moved back immediately.

Mother Jackson had shown signs of insanity and had developed a morbid antipathy to me which made life in the same house with her very difficult, and yet I could not bring myself to get relief by separating her from the infant. Two days before we were to move back to the 17th Street house ^{on returning from the office} I found ~~an~~

installed in the apartment. Nellie Catherine's big Aunt Ellen ^{She} who had come on from Kansas in response to a telegram from Mother

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er Jackson without my knowledge. I resented her coming unannounced but was glad to have her in the house to act as a buffer between mother[^]in[^]law and me. Aunt Ellen was greatly worried and discussed with me the lamentable condition of her sister. So it was that when we returned to the 17th Street house my family was one larger than when we left it two months previously.

There were now the two old women, Mother Jackson and Aunt Ellen, the child, myself, and the colored girl. I continued to care for the child evenings and nights. He was now nearly eight months old, pretty and intelligent, and wound his baby hands about my heart strings, but I could see that he was not thriving. Mother Jackson was obsessed over him. Often she would hold him up before an enlarged photograph of Nellie Catherine and talk to the picture as if she were talking to her daughter. At other times she would parade up and down the street in front of the house with the baby in his carriage or in her arms and stop pedestrians, call attention to her wonderful baby, and they would smile and pass on.

I lose the Baby.

One afternoon in a bitter cold spell the last of February on my return from the office I noticed a marked change in the baby's face. I asked what had happened. The colored girl said the baby had been given a warm bath early in the afternoon and that Grandma Jackson had taken him immediately out in the bitterly cold wind without sufficient wraps and when she brought him in he was blue and numb with cold. I asked Mother Jackson about it and she said it was nothing, just a little cold he had caught. Aunt Ellen looked anxious. I telephoned a hurry call for a physician. He came in a few minutes and said the baby was

in a serious condition, probably pneumonia. He left a prescription and instructions and I asked Aunt Ellen if she thought she could see that they were followed. She nodded. While the prescription was being filled I sent a telegram to my mother in Texas advising her that the baby was dangerously ill, that I needed her and would pay all expenses if she would come at once. The same evening I had her answer saying she would take the first train and giving the time of arrival in Washington.

I cared for the baby all night. The next morning before going to the office I exacted a promise from Aunt Ellen and the colored girl that they would never again leave the baby alone with its grandmother when I was not there and to see that the instructions of the physician were followed exactly and without fail.

The morning of the third day on which I expected mother to arrive I announced at the breakfast table that my mother would arrive and take complete charge of the house and the baby at 3 p.m. sharp. Aunt Ellen looked much surprised and then smiled and nodded. Mother-in-law Jackson looked at me stolidly and said nothing. She seemed to be in a stupor. As I was leaving for the office the servant girl whispered to me that mother-in-law had drank a full quart of whiskey during the night "for her asthma," which probably accounted for her condition in the morning.

I left the office in time to meet mother at the station. Together we were driven to the house. We were met at the door by the maid servant who said that the others had packed up their things hurriedly and gone to Mrs. Dare's. Mother went straight to the baby's crib, gave one long look, and said "Oh, Lee, it is too late; why didn't you send for me sooner." And it was so.

Poor little Marion Otis ceased to breathe that night.

The next day the same preacher who had married us and had read the funeral service over my wife, again officiated with a simple service in the front parlor in the presence of mother and I, Nellie Catherine's relatives, Mrs. Dare, and our lodger friends up stairs. Then the undertaker and I took the little casket in a carriage out to Rock Creek Cemetery and deposited it in a vault, to be laid in the ^a ~~same~~ grave with its mother when the green grass and the robins should return in the spring. Thus ended in prolonged tragedy my first marriage venture. In looking back my only regret is in thinking how different life might have been had Nellie Catherine lived and regained her health. But such thoughts and regrets are manifestly ~~xxxx~~ vain.

Curiously enough, one of my consolations in connection with this tragedy is a most vivid dream in which Nellie Catherine appeared about a month or six weeks after her death, a dream that is as much a part of my experience and life as our marriage. I seemed to be standing on a roadway that wound around the side of a precipitous slope, with a chasm below and towering peaks above, a blush of purple mist in the chasm and white cloudlets floating high up in the blue sky overhead. I suddenly realized that Nellie Catherine was standing by my side, looking younger and prettier than I had ever seen her, with no sign of lameness or deformity, and smiling frankly, lovingly, and mischievously in my eyes. I gave an inarticulate exclamation and tried to throw my arms about her, but she eluded my grasp, lifted up her skirts slightly, and tripped lightly up the road. I ran after her and just as she reached a turn in the road around a jutting cliff she paused, looked back over her shoulder with

a roguish smile, waved her hand and threw a kiss at me, and disappeared. I somehow knew that it would be impossible to follow her. In all the years that ~~have~~ followed whenever I thought of her it ^{was} ~~is~~ not as she was when living but as she appeared in my dream, so that it is quite as real and precious to me as anything I have ever experienced.

A few days later I learned that ^{Mother Jackson and} Aunt Ellen ~~and her sister~~ left Washington immediately after the funeral service. I soon discovered that she took with her all my wife's belongings except the piano, as well as some of my papers, including my law school diploma. I learned later, also, that she had written letters to those of my friends whom she remembered defaming me, and one to the chief of my bureau asking that I be discharged. I never heard from her again, but about two years later received a telegram from a newpew in Indiana saying that she had died and had expressed a wish to be buried by the side of her daughter and asking my permission, which I gave by telegraph. The Indiana relatives accompanied the remains to Washington and called upon me at the office. They were very friendly and excused the conduct of Mother ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ law Jackson by saying that she was not in her right mind.

Normal Life Again.

Mother immediately set about putting the house in order. The little colored maid servant who had been so faithful to me was paid off as being no longer needed. I regretted to see her go because she had done her faithful best to look after the baby and keep the house in order, and throughout the period of her employment it had been something of a consolation to me

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simply to hear her soft voice and see her quiet movements and the look of smiling sympathy in her face.

Conditions in the house improved rapidly under mother's capable hands and life began to take on a more cheerful aspect. For the first time in nearly a year I got enough sleep. Mother had brought with her my sister's child, Eunice, now about eight or ten years old. She was in the rapidly growing lank stage, but old enough to take an intelligent interest in what she saw in Washington. Mother bought her a banjo and had her take lessons on it. She was not a good student and had made poor progress in school, but she practiced faithfully on the banjo. Mother renewed her connection with the art class at the Corcoran Art Gallery and painted several pictures during the summer months. We took little excursions from time to time to nearby resorts and greatly enjoyed them. Mother had written father urging him to sell his grocery business and come to Washington, but he was prospering fairly well and did not care to change. In the summer he began writing for her to return. Very reluctantly she did so, taking Eunice with her.

During the spring my tenants on the upper floors left us to move to the country. Soon afterwards I rented the front room and balcony on the second floor to a middle-aged school teacher, Miss Gibson. She was very prudish, selfish, dictatorial, and could stand and talk indefinitely so long as it was about herself and her affairs without regard to the physical or mental weariness of her victim. I soon found that the only way to escape was to break into the steady flow of talk with some remarks about my own interests, whereupon she would beat a hasty retreat.

xxx~~xxx~~ As the time for mother's departure approached both she and I mentioned it to Miss Gibson, but apparently it did not interest her at the time and made no impression. Miss Gibson was absent when we ~~wnt~~^{went} to the railway station so mother had no opportunity to say good by~~e~~ to her. After dining in a restaurant I returned to the house and spent the evening reading and writing and then retired to sleep soundly. The next morning as I was leaving for the office I encountered Miss Gibson in the corridor and she expressed great indignation that she had not been informed of mother's departure and had therefore slept in a house alone with a man. Nothing in the world would have induced her to do so had she known it in time. She told a neighbor that she had returned to the house after dark and found that mother and Eunice had gone, and she had sat up all night with the furniture piled against the door. This amused me greatly and in after years whenever I met her I would say "Miss Gibson, do you remember the night we slept alone together in the same house," just to see her face ~~redden~~ harden and her eyes flash and her head go up. For some days thereafter until other rooms were occupied she spent the nights with a friend.

A New Arrangement.

Before leaving, mother superintended the moving of my things to the two upper floors, leaving the lower two floors and basement for rent. Within a week they were rented to a Miss Mary Melling, a seamstress, and her sister, Miss Nellie Louise Melling, who was employed as a saleswoman in a dry goods establishment at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 20th Street. When I informed Miss Gibson th~~at~~ the lower portion of the house, including

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The two Misses Melling moved in within a few days. Miss Mary was a plump attractive woman who appeared to be about 45, with brown hair and eyes, and I liked her from the beginning. Her Sister Nellie was also plump, but petite, with blue eyes and brown hair, very dainty in dress and person, very sympathetic and easy to get acquainted with, and very attractive to me.

I settled down to a life of regular habits, office work during the day, long evenings with my books, reading history, fiction, and literature systematically, visits to the Corcoran Art Gallery and the National Museum on Sunday afternoons, and occasionally an evening at the theater. I had my own cooking outfit and dishes and from time to time cooked my own meals when I felt like it. Several times a week I would pop a dishpan full of fluffy white popcorn, salted and buttered, or with molasses candy poured over it. Then with a good light, a book, and an easy chair, I would read and munch popcorn for hours.

Again I Fall a Victim to Cupid.

As time went on I became better acquainted with the Misses

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Melling down stairs, and occasionally I would take a pan full of popcorn down to them. They used to express astonishment at the quantity I prepared. During the fall and winter months I began to take them to the theater or concerts and found them very agreeable and appreciative company. As spring opened I began to enjoy Miss Nellie's company more and more. She was a good comrade, an entertaining and sprightly talker, very sentimental and compassionate, and I began to think she would make me a good little wife. She seemed very friendly, but neither encouraged nor repulsed me. After the countryside burst forth into leaf and flower we began to take trolley rides and walks in the woods. I found that she liked the open and liked to walk and wander through the woods and along the streams in Rock Creek ~~Park~~ Park, and about Glen Echo and Cabin John^s. I discovered also that she was never in a hurry to return, even though darkness came upon us. Once we spent the afternoon wandering about in Rock Creek Park. We walked back towards Columbia Road near sundown and stopped on the bridge ~~in front~~ over the glen to watch the sun go down and the beautiful coloring in the sky. It was quite a long walk to the street car line and when we reached it there was no car in sight. She proposed that we walk home, more than a mile, which we did, arriving long after dark. The next morning I apologized to her Sister Mary for staying out so late, and Mary said it was nothing unusual and that "Nellie had always been that way."

In the latter part of April we spent another Sunday afternoon in Rock Creek Park and upon returning came up through a new addition. We stopped to rest, sitting on the front steps of a newly built vacant house, watching the sun go down. It was very

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pleasant with her sitting at my side and on the spur of the moment I proposed that we should go through life together as husband and wife. She had the grace not to ~~say~~^{say} that the proposal was sudden or unexpected. As I remember it I did not profess to love her madly or ask her if she loved me. I simply pointed out that we seemed to be congenial, to have many ideas and views of life in common, and I believed we could live a beautiful life and grow old gracefully and contentedly together and each be ~~shappier~~ happier for the other's affection and companionship. I then explained my financial situation, that my income was exactly so much, payments on the house, interest and ~~taxes~~^{taxes} and insurance so much, leaving so much for living expenses, which seemed ample to maintain us on the same standard of living to which we were accustomed until the house was paid for. She said no, it would not do, and when I pressed her for reasons she said she was older than I, not so well educated, was poorer, and I had not met her people and friends nor she mine. Although surprised at her statement regarding her age, I replied that it made no difference to me because I regarded age as not a matter of years so much as of outlook and habits of thought and spirit, that I felt myself to be older than she and to me she would always be young; and that as to family and friends I was not proposing that we marry each other's family and friends but only our own two selves, and that nobody else was or could be directly concerned but ourselves. She was very thoughtful and seemed to be wavering and said "No, I must have more time to think it over." I said "Certainly, my dear, take all the time you want, but my mind is made up and I hope yours will be right away, if not now, then tomorrow." She agreed to give me a definite answer at the end

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During the week that ^ofollowed the subject was not mentioned, but I managed to see her for awhile each evening. The third evening when I went down I found a family gathering assembled in the back parlor and I was introduced to her father, her stepmother, her Brother Roger, his wife, Sallie, and their daughter, Mary. Her father was a venerable man in his 80's, with white hair and beard, cleanly and ~~gentle~~ gentle, a tailor by profession, who had come to the United States via ^aX Canada when a young man from Liverpool in a sailing ship that took three months to cross the Atlantic, and by stage coach from Montreal to Washington. He had married Nellie Louise's mother, had a large brood of children, had migrated overland to Dubuque, Iowa, where Nellie, the youngest was born, and returned to Washington at the breaking out of the Civil War. For a time he was a messenger in the War Department and served in a military company of War Department employes as a substitute for a Connecticut drafted man, for which he received a bounty and in later life a small pension. Upon the death of his first wife he married a widow who also had a large brood of children. By his second wife he had one child, named Dayton, now grown and married. In middle life he had been a strict Methodist and a pillar in the church, but in his old age he became an ardent spiritualist.

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Brother Roger was approaching middle age, of medium stature and size, and becoming bald. He was a ready talker and made his living as a life insurance agent. His wife, Sallie, was a most peculiar woman physically and mentally. Roger married her with the bloom of youth upon her and believing that she was heiress to some property. She did not inherit the property and as she grew older developed a lopsided face, a slovenly manner of dressing and carrying herself, a habit of sitting with her mouth open which made her look very foolish, and she had all kinds of foolish notions, such as that she was suffering from some mortal ailment, and she was garrulous; but it was easy to see that she was goodhearted and worshipped her husband. The daughter, Mary, ^a ~~was~~ an overgrown, awkward girl of about 14, naturally good but badly spoiled from overindulgence and rather fond of finery and jewelry.

All members of the family spoke of my resemblance to another son, George, who had died leaving a family. I found them all agreeable, but with minor peculiarities.

A day or two later I met Sister ^{Fannie} ~~Fannie~~ Burton and her daughter, Emma. Sister Fannie was middle aged, well formed, good looking, comfortable widow woman, quiet, demure, and aimable. Her daughter Emma was of uncertain age, slight in form, with delicate features, light hair, quiet, unobtrusive manners, and eyes that looked one steadily in the face. She was a seamstress and supported herself and mother by her needle.

At the end of the week when I asked for an answer Nellie Louise said it was hard to decide because of her age and her family, and because I was a widower and she had always said she would never marry a widower or a divorced man: and also, I was not a

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Then came the question of the ^{date} ~~date~~ of our marriage. I pleaded for an early date and a simple ceremony. She said she could not get ready under six weeks and we fixed on June 10, to be followed by a honeymoon of ten days or two weeks at Virginia Beach. We compromised on a wedding in St. John's Church, where her father and mother were married, with only the family and their friends present, and with only one ~~hex~~ bridesmaid and one best man. I explained to her that because my office associates had been so generous at my first wedding I would prefer not to invite them with the implied obligation of sending another present, but simply send them an announcement after it was over. She acquiesced silently, but I suspected she was disappointed. My own preparations were very simple. Her sister Mary and niece Emma undertook to make the bridal gown, which turned out to be a beautiful filmy affair.

Living in the same house I saw Nellie Louise one or more times daily. Sisters Mary and Fannie were very cordial. A few evenings after we had reached agreement Nellie Louise and I crossed the city on the street car and visited her father and stepmother who were living in a small wooden cottage near the

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Navy Yard. I did not realize at the time but learned later that Nellie Louise was a little ashamed of these humble surroundings. To me it seemed highly appropriate that an elderly couple of moderate means should live quietly and comfortably in a small cottage with their personal belongings about them, enjoying freedom and independence, and living their lives in their own way. A low picket fence separated the sidewalk from the tiny front yard which was overflowing with lilac and rose bushes and early spring flowers. The living room was filled with old furniture, comfortable and appropriate. I found the old couple very cheerful and agreeable. I announced our engagement and expressed the hope that it would meet with their approval, which was readily and smilingly given. Both remarked my extreme resemblance in physical appearance, speech and manner to their son George of whom they spoke with pride.

I asked the old gentleman if he remembered his boyhood in England. He said he was born in Liverpool and ~~when~~ while yet quite small was apprenticed to a tailor. He could remember when the first railroad was constructed in England and he saw the coronation procession of Queen Victoria in London. He told about his three months voyage to Canada in a sailing ship and the hardships the passengers endured. He worked at his trade in Toronto for two or three years and then came overland by stage coach to Washington about 1835. At that time neither the capitol building nor the Washington Monument were finished. He spoke of a canal near Pennsylvania Avenue and a creek that crossed it near the Peace Monymment. He described LaFayette Square as a vacant lot with an iron fence about it and remembered seeing the trees planted that have since grown to such fine proportions. The streets of Wash-

Navy Yard. I did not realize at the time but learned later that Nellie Louise was a little ashamed of these humble surroundings. To me it seemed highly appropriate that an elderly couple of moderate means should live quietly and comfortably in a small cottage with their personal belongings about them, enjoying freedom and independence, and living their lives in their own way. A low picket fence separated the sidewalk from the tiny front yard which was overflowing with lilac and rose bushes and early spring flowers. The living room was filled with old furniture, comfortable and appropriate. I found the old couple very cheerful and agreeable. I announced our engagement and expressed the hope that it would meet with their approval, which was readily and smilingly given. Both remarked my extreme resemblance in physical appearance, speech and manner to their son George of whom they spoke with pride.

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ington were unpaved like the country roads and be^acame very soft and muddy in wet weather. Here he met and married his first wife, mother of Nellie Louise, and a number of children were born to them, several of whom were dead. In the 50's he decided to emigrate with his family to Iowa. They went by train as far as Rockford, Illinois, where the railroad ended. At Rockford he hired a prairie schooner and its driver to transport ~~him~~ them across Illinois to the Mississippi, which they crossed in boats to Dubuque. Here he carried on his trade as a tailor and here Nellie Louise was born and one or two of the other children died. With the breaking out of the Civil War he returned to Washington with his family, and soon afterwards his wife died. Nellie Louise as a little child lived much of the time with an elderly childless couple, of whom she always spoke affectionately as "Pappy Williamson." This old couple had known her mother, grandmother, and family, and wished to adopt her, but Father Melling would never consent. Later I learned from my wife that her grandmother came from an old family in Virginia, that she eloped with a man whom her parents disapproved of, was disowned by them, became a young widow, and was employed as housekeeper by President John Quincy Adams. ~~In course of time she became his mistress, and thus Nellie Louise's mother was born out of wedlock.~~

The half invalid stepmother was voluble in her congratulations. Two or three neighboring women called during the evening and were introduced. The stepmother suddenly threw her head back in the chair and with closed eyes babbled some incoherent nonsense. purporting to come from her spiritual control, supposed to be an Indian maiden, Laughing Eyes, or some such

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name, and predicting a happy outcome of the union of the two young people in the room, meaning Nellie Louise and I. Nellie Louise was plainly chagrined at this exhibition, her father seemed to be greatly pleased, and the visitors were entertained and gratified.

At last the day of the wedding came. Nellie Louise's sisters, Mary and Fannie, and her niece, Emma, helped array her in her wedding gown and finery. To^{ge}ther we drove in the same carriage to the church, which was only a few blocks from the house. The church was about half full of her family and friends. Her venerable father gave her away. She carried herself proudly and there were many congratulations and some confusion at the entrance. We drove quickly back to the house and changed into traveling costume. Our suit cases were packed and after a light supper we drove to the ~~factory~~ wharf at the foot of 7th Street and went aboard one of the Norfolk steamers on which I had engaged a cabin. Wife's father and mother, brother and sisters, and a few friends were there to see us off. It seemed to me like a long wait until the whistle finally blew and the steamer slowly backed out into mid stream. I felt greatly relieved to think that all ceremony was over and at last we two were alone together. We inspected the little cabin in which she took great interest because it was her first voyage.

We sat on the upper deck and found it very pleasant. The sky was clear, the stars were out, the air was pleasantly cool, and the swish of the water against the prow was musical. We were both ~~ris~~ tired from the activities and strain of the day and I would gladly have retired at an early hour, but waited for some suggestion from the bride. None came. By 11 p.m. the decks were

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deserted. At midnight I suggested that we had better retire so that we could see something of Chesapeake Bay in the early morning. I had to repeat this suggestion several times at intervals before she consented to go to the cabin. At the time I attributed her reluctance to a very natural feeling of timidity, but later realized that she is not conscious of time limitations and all her life had disregarded them. Probably the wedding night is always embarrassing to the newly married couple. When we entered the cabin each waited for the other to undress. To simplify matters I went out for a walk around the deck to give her an opportunity to retire in privacy, but when I returned I found her still dressed and waiting. It was now 1 a.m., and without more ado I undressed and crawled into bed. She immediately turned out the light and undressed in the dark, and this was her practice for more than a quarter of a century--under no circumstances would she retire first or disrobe unless the lights were turned out or she could hide behind a screen. In an unguarded moment she once told me of a conversation she overheard as a child between two women. One of them said, "No, I have never let my husband see me undress or see any portion of my body except my face and hands, because it would be indecent." Evidently that made an indelible impression upon the immature mind of Nellie Louise and she jealously lived up to that ideal of prudish propriety.

The next morning we woke up early but were still tired and sleepy. We enjoyed looking at the dancing waves of the Bay in the morning sunlight, the short stop at Old Point Comfort, and the voyage across to Norfolk. There we took the train across the sandy pine woods to Virginia Beach. We had a nice

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room at the Princess Anne Hotel overlooking the ocean. We greatly enjoyed our two weeks vacation. There were long walks on the beach, or in the woods back of the hotel, surf bathing forenoon and afternoon, good meals, and long naps in the daytime and sound sleep at night. We both enjoyed taking off our shoes and stockings and wading on the hard sand and in the shallow water. The sea, as always, was fascinating, mysterious, and beautiful, ever changing in color and form with every breeze and cloud and change in light and shadow. The beach at this point is of clean hard sand, but is not safe for poor swimmers because it slopes too sharply into deep water and at times there are strong side currents. I could swim a little, but was weak from lack of exercise and practice. One forenoon I swam out a short distance, less than fifty yards, began to feel tired, let down my feet and discovered I was out of my depth, struggled into position again and started to swim back. Suddenly I realized that I was making no progress: in fact, the current was carrying me out. For the first time in my life I had a feeling of fear, but the distance was so short that I determined not to give up or call for help, keep my head, and literally swim for dear life. After a few minutes the current seemed to grow less strong and I was encouraged to see that I was gaining on the shore slowly. When I felt that I had not an ounce of strength left I let down my feet and this time touched bottom and was able to walk up and out of the water. I was utterly exhausted and it was some minutes before I recovered sufficiently to dress. This taught me a lesson and ever since when in the water I have kept a sharp lookout on side and outgoing currents that seem to swing in and out without warning and are extremely dangerous to weak swimmers.

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One forenoon we took a trolley ride around Cape Henry to Norfolk and back by train. The great shifting sand dunes off Cape Henry interested me greatly. In many places they had drifted in and covered tall standing trees whose dead and withered branches were visible at the top.

I recall that in passing a booth near the hotel I stopped to buy some ⁿcandy. I asked if it was fresh. The proprietor said, "Oh, yes, we get it fresh every day." We found, however, that the candy was musty and rancid from old age and we generously bestowed it on some little negro children.

The second week of our stay at Virginia Beach my wife complained of lassitude and other symptoms that seemed to me like malaria. The local drugstore had no quinine in capsules, so I purchased a small ~~quantity~~ quantity in bulk. I administered it as I had been accustomed to taking it as a child, in a spoon with a little water, to be swallowed quickly and followed with a drink of water to wash out the bitter taste. My wife in her innocence and trust in me took one of these bitter doses, made a very wry face, ⁿand was quite indignant that I had deceived her by saying "It is not bad." She declared it was very bad and I could not persuade her to take another.

Back to Washington.

Our honeymoon and vacation ended, we returned to Washington to take up married life in earnest. Very soon we began to learn things about each other that neither had suspected. She learned that I was very regular in my habits, did things at set times, kept appointments to the minute without ^{fail} fail, kept a strict account of income and outgo, and was a student, which meant that

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in every leisure moment I turned instinctively to reading, and that often I brought office work home in the evening: also that I loved music, abhorred noises, especially unnecessary noises: was impatient of delay, quick in perception, understanding, and decision, in motion, walking, uneasy and impatient if I had to wait, and extremely sensitive to changes in temperature, especially ~~at~~ cold, and greatly preferred light to darkness, clarity to obscurity, frankness to concealment. I soon learned that in most of these things she was just the opposite, had but little sense of either time or direction, no appreciation of musical sounds, was not sensitive to noises such as the banging of windows or the slamming of doors, did not mind cold but suffered from heat, preferred dimness, obscurity and darkness to light and clarity, and ^a~~was~~ deliberate in movement and slow in grasping or comprehending anything new or strange. In walking along the street and looking ^{into} ~~in~~ shop windows I would see all there was to be seen at a glance and be ready to move on without stopping; she would refuse to move on until she had carefully examined each separate object in detail. If we came out of a theater or other building she would invariably turn in the wrong direction. Although she had known the Center Market since childhood and made periodical visits to it she usually got lost and came out at the wrong end. These differences were sources of wonderment and friction to each of us. On the other hand, she was usually good humored and self-satisfied and I tried to be patient. Fortunately we were both agreed on religion, that is, that no one knew definitely anything about it and that church people were no better than other people but usually more hypocritical and intolerant. In politics she was an avowed Democrat, while I was a mild Republican

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I had supposed that setting up housekeeping with the new wife, who had been such an agreeable companion during the previous months, in our own house in which we were already established, would be a simple matter. It proved otherwise. I asked Nellie Louise which she would prefer to do, prepare our meals in our part of the house independently of her Sister Mary, or let Sister Mary continue as tenant and board the two of us, or we take over the whole house and Sister Mary board with us or go

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elsewhere as she choose. She seemed astonished and confused, and did not respond. I suggested that inasmuch as she had been boarding with her Sister Mary it would involve less change for her if her sister continued to lease a portion of the house, sublet ^{In} rooms, and boarded us. To this last suggestion my wife acquiesced, but with a look of disappointment. I then began to suspect that she had expected that her Sister Mary would continue to live with us at our expense, which was an arrangement that I had not contemplated.

Then came the money question, discussion of which she tried to avoid. I explained patiently that my salary was exactly \$1,600 a year, that out of this sum must be paid the interest on the deferred payments for the house, taxes, fire and life insurance, water rent, and our board and other necessary living expenses. I proposed to pay these bills, set aside and deposit a small sum monthly in order to accumulate a reserve for sickness and other emergencies, and then to divide the remainder of my salary equally between us. To my astonishment she objected to even discussing such an arrangement and said she would never consent to accept any money from her husband that she had not earned. I tried to reason with her that as the home-maker and housekeeper she was her husband's partner and should have half of his earnings over and above the cost of living. She would not concede this. I asked her to make a suggestion as to a plan of procedure, but she either could not or would not. Becoming impatient, I asked if she had considered the matter before we married and if so what she had expected. I asked what she expected to do when her clothing wore out and had to be renewed. There was no answer, nor could I get an answer when I

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returned to the subject later from time to time. In desperation I adopted the plan of putting money in a small iron strong box with a padlock to which there were two keys, one of which I gave to her so that she was free to help herself. From this fund she paid the small daily cash expenses, while I settled the monthly bills by check. The only way I had of keeping track of the household expenses, even approximately, was by periodically counting the money left in the box. This unsatisfactory arrangement continued for many years.

Soon after our return to Washington I asked Nellie Louise to have her photograph taken. I wanted one for myself, one to send to my parents in Texas, and I assumed that she would like to have copies to give to her relatives and friends. Again I was astounded to learn that she was violently opposed to having her picture taken. The only reason she could assign for this aversion was that people who cared for her would have her image graven on their hearts so that they would not need a picture to remember her by. I was persistent, however, and finally persuaded her to consent to have her picture taken in her wedding ~~dress~~ gown. When the photographs were delivered we all thought them good likenesses, but Nellie Louise pronounced them "abominable." I mailed one to my mother and placed another in a photograph album. A few days later I looked for it and found that it had been removed. It was many years before I saw it again. Nellie Louise said she had hidden it and destroyed the other copies.

Another example of pertinacity was persistence in an argument about such an inconsequential subject as the direction in which graves and headstones are placed. One evening she asked me why it was that graves always pointed east and west, or it may

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have been north or south, I have forgotten. I was reading at the time and simply looked up to say that I did not know; then as the question caught hold of my attention, I added that I had never heard that all graves pointed in the ^{same} ~~same~~ direction, but thought that most of them did as a matter of economy of space like houses on streets in a city, but, come to think of it, I believed that some graves pointed in different directions where hilly contours would make it difficult to follow the general rule, just as houses might face in any direction depending on the nature of the ground on which they were built, their situation with reference to hills, or river banks, or the seashore. "No," she replied, "all graves point east and west and there are no exceptions." I tried to drop the subject by saying "Oh well, what difference does it make; I am not interested in graves now and will be still less interested after I am dead, especially if I should decide to be cremated." But she would not let go, insisting that I should admit the correctness of her statement. I could only repeat that so far as I could see it was a matter of no importance to us or anybody else, that I had no opinion on the subject myself and what anybody else thought about it was a matter of complete indifference, and that I simply could not become interested in it on short notice. Nothing I could say seemed to make the slightest impression or divert her mind to any other subject. Losing patience, I said, "My dear, this is one of many questions that cannot be settled either by argument or reasoning about it; I propose that we drop the subject and settle the matter definitely next Sunday by visiting Mount Olivet Cemetery and seeing with our own eyes how the graves are laid out; if, as you say, the graves are laid in one direction without excep-

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This and similar arguments, and the heat that developed from them, were very annoying to me because they seemed so trivial and so unnecessary and so difficult to avoid or bring to an end.

Another annoying characteristic of the wife was that she would never terminate a conversation, no matter how tired she was or what other calls there might be on her time and attention. The result was that visitors, especially her visitors, could not easily get away and overstaid their time until everyone was bored and weary.

Among her friends that called frequently for some months after our marriage were three who were employed in the shop in which she had been employed. The first was Miss Alice, a large, wholesome, attractive looking woman, apparently in her 30's. She and my wife had been very close friends for several years, their common bond of union being their difference in size and their

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The second was a young man named John whom the others called "Jack," ^{Ferrall.} He was at tall, ungainly strippling, with a beaming face, a sense of humor, a perpetual laugh, and awkward manners. He had been born of ignorant parents at Leonardtown on the Potomac, had been brought to Washington when a child and had never visited the place of his birth since. His father was shiftless and upon his death had left Jack and his mother with no means of support. The overgrown youth had found employment in the shop and the two sentimental women took an interest in him, especially my wife who regarded him as her especial protege. At her suggestion he had taken up the study of shorthand. He was friendly, good natured, but sometimes a little tiresome because he made it a point to commit to memory all the anecdotes and witty sayings he read which ^{oozed} ~~oozed~~ from him at every pore on every occasion. His subsequent history was pathetic. He became a great student and a hard worker, developed ~~great~~ speed as a stenographer, obtained a position in the Department of Agriculture, and soon earned several promotions. He supported and lived with his aged mother and because of her would not allow himself to think of marriage. Then he began to lose his hearing upon which his success as a shorthand writer so largely depended. Specialists and hospitals absorbed most

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of his salary for several years in a vain attempt to retain his hearing, but ultimately became completely deaf. He continued to grow in stature and bulk and was retained in the service, but music and social intercourse were denied him. After he became deaf he ceased to visit us and other friends and spent much of his outside time in writing for others suffering from the same affliction.

Mr. Ryner,

The third store friend was ^Aa small, neat, cheerful, kindly old gentleman, who delighted in gossip and small talk and chatter, and whose principal interest in life was his church and the necessity for saving souls. The first evening he called he inquired about my religion and suggested that both wife and I should join a church, preferably his church. He remained to supper and at the table had the bad grace to say "We will now ask the blessing," which he proceeded to do at great length and much fervor.

After our return from the honeymoon I met two other branches of the Melling family. One was George Melling, Jr., and ~~his~~ several sisters, son and daughters of George Melling, my wife's brother who had died some years before. These young people were all very bright, animated, modest and well behaved, and I liked them very much.

The other branch of the family were the Yosts, who lived on Pennsylvania Avenue east of the capitol. Mrs. Yost was ~~wife's~~ ~~half-sister~~ the daughter of wife's stepmother. Mr. Yost was a bluff, shrewd, uneducated building contractor in a small way. They had several sons and daughters, the youngest Irene, an attractive wholesome looking girl of about fourteen, who later married and became a schoolteacher.

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Another member of the family that was very dear to my wife was Rosie, a crippled hunchback little dwarf of uncertain age, sister of Mrs. Yost, whom I met only once or twice.

In August of this year I was promoted to \$1,600 a year in competition with about 200 other employes of my class, which was encouraging in itself, but discouraging when I thought that there was only one grade higher in the civilian service of the War Department, namely, clerk at \$1,800, to which I could aspire to.

About this time also I took out a straight life insurance policy for \$2,000 in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of which Brother[^]in[^]law Roger was an agent.

7 In September my wife ^{*Vacation*} and I went on a two weeks vacation to Strasburg, Virginia, where we boarded with the Borum family in an old time brick house on a hill overlooking the Shenandoah River across to Massanutten Mountain. The weather was pleasant, the country beautiful, the food good, and we enjoyed ourselves. We had our bicycles with us and one day rode to Woodstock and back. Another day we rode across a bridge to the foot of Massanutten Mountain, where we left our wheels and climbed to the top. We struck straight up the slope and found it rough going because of the steep incline, the broken surface of rocks, and the thickets of spiny young locust trees and sprouts. However, we reached the top and enjoyed the magnificent view over the surrounding country. Near the top I was lucky enough to spy an iron bolt between some rocks and when I pulled it out found that it was a Civil War bayonet~~te~~ in a good state of preservation. I kept it as a souvenir. Unfortunately our visit was cut short by a driving mist that soon turned into a heavy rain. We scrambled down as best

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we could. It was late in the afternoon when we reached our wheels which we could not use because of the blinding rain and muddy road. We were drenched to the skin, but wife was cheerful through it all and seemed to enjoy the experience. We followed the woodroad, trundling our wheels at our sides, until we came to a small house within half a mile of the river. We stopped to inquire if a horse and wagon could be hired to convey us the rest of the way. A young woman in her 30's asked us to step inside and when we explained our plight she said she did not think we could get a conveyance that late in the day with the rain pouring down in torrents and she could not think of our walking. She invited us to stay all night, which we decided to do. I telephoned to Mrs. Borum that we were safe and would return the next morning.

We found that the family consisted of two maiden lady sisters, a grown brother, and several younger children. The house was small and very old. These hospitable people gave us a change of clothing, a nice supper, and a comfortable bed, after sitting up rather later to discuss in a friendly interested way our life in Washington and theirs in the Shenandoah Valley. The next morning they refused to accept any pay for our entertainment. The sun was shining brightly and after breakfast we bid good by to our new friends. As we passed around a corner of the house to get our bicycles, two little boys tumbled off them, very red in the face and speechless with surprise, and fled to the barn. Evidently they were unable to resist the temptation to try to ride a bicycle and we had surprised them in the act.

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One afternoon Mrs. Borum took us in a carriage to visit a family on a small farm at the foot of Massanutten Mountain across the river a few miles distant. It was a beautiful autumn day, bright sunshine, a clear sky with cottony white clouds floating overhead, the foliage of the forest trees beginning to show great patches of scarlet and yellow, and the roadside and pastures bright with goldenrod, wild asters, and the brown pods of milk weed bursting with silken fairy parachutes. We drove through a field covered with golden rod and asters to the river, which we forded. The Shenandoah at this point was perhaps a hundred yards wide and came rippling in a crystal clear flood over a rocky bottom. In places the water came up to the bottom of the carriage. The water was flowing swiftly and was so clear that we could see every rock and crevice at the bottom.

On the other side was a small farm with log buildings, grape arbors, a garden, a spring, and all sorts of home-made conveniences. We met the proprietor. He was a short, sturdy, old man with red cheeks, blue eyes, and red hair and beard. The cabin seemed to be overflowing with young people and children. Three or four of the grown sons were hauling chestnut logs from the slope above the farm. I remarked that he seemed to be very comfortably situated and that it looked like a healthy place to live. He smiled and said, "Yes, it's healthy all right. I have raised eleven sons with nary an onery one among 'em." Asked if he remembered anything about the Civil War he described the guerilla warfare along the Shenandoah and how he and other young men and boys kept watch and occasionally picked off a Yankee at long range with their old muzzle loading rifles.

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In a pasture belonging to the Borums were several fine springs that came gushing out from under limestone rocks and ran off in small brooks. A year or two previously a man came through and rented these springs for growing watercress, he setting the cress plants, employing the labor for planting, harvesting, and shipping the cress in barrels to the large eastern cities, and paying the Borums fifty cents a barrel. That year they had received about five hundred dollars from that source.

One day we picknicked at Fisher's Hill where a battle was fought during the Civil War. Also we visited the shop of a cabinet maker in Strasburg where I had two canes turned out for me, one of red cedar and the other of walnut.

When our vacation was over we parted from the Borums with reluctance. We had become warm friends in the two weeks of our stay with them, and occasionally letters passed between us in the years that followed.

We returned by way of Winchester and Harpers Ferry. At Winchester we had to wait several hours between trains. We had luncheon at the local hotel and then walked out to a newby cemetery from which there was a fine view. We amused ourselves reading the names and inscriptions on the tombstones. One was a flat slab of marble with the image of a sprawling infant about the size of a rabbit in relief and the inscription read "'Buddy has Gone Before.'" We stopped to talk with the caretaker who had some good specimens of red squirrels in a wooden cage.

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ington. I shall always remember that night. The hotel was a wooden structure in a hollow next to the railway and all night long trains went by, freight cars were switched back and forth, the building shook and rattled, and to our unaccustomed ears the locomotives seemed about to enter the back door. To add to our discomfort the steam heat had been turned on that morning and the rooms were badly overheated. The woodwork was quivering with heat so that it did little good to turn off the steam and open the windows. However, this vacation of two weeks away from the office and city and amid new and pleasant surroundings, was most enjoyable and we both returned to the city feeling better for it.

In September I rented rooms on the top floor to a peculiar family from Maryland. There was a middle aged father and mother, a flaxen haired daughter about 16 and a tow headed son about 14. They came to Washington to go to school. The mother was the ambitious mainspring of the family and she it was who ^P~~s~~urred her middle aged husband to study medicine at the George Washington University so that he could be called "doctor," the daughter to take music and dancing lessons so that she would be an ornament to society, and the boy to study for entrance at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. She kept house for the family in a harum-scarum way and was taking a course in reading. They staid with us until the following spring when we lost sight of them, but some years later I saw a reference in a newspaper to the son who had been sent abroad as secretary to a legation, and mention was made of his father as "Doctor," ~~and~~ to his sister as the wife of a government official, and to the mother as "a well known leader of society," so it appears that her perseverance was rewarded.

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A Year of Changes.

During the winter months our evenings were spent agreeably in reading or an occasional evening at the theater.

In early spring we were gladdened by the prospect of an addition to the family. My wife's parents and other members of the family were especially pleased. Within a few weeks, however, our lives were saddened by an unexpected tragedy.

My wife's Sister Mary, cheerful, lovable Sister Mary, who had been the picture of sturdy health, developed cancer of the breast. It seems that a few years before she had occasion to move from one apartment to another. A laborer carrying a chair preceded her in a corridor and for some reason stopped and swung around suddenly so that a leg of the chair struck her a sharp blow ~~in~~ ^{on} ^{me} of her beautiful breasts. The pain and outward sign of the bruise soon passed away and was almost forgotten until one day she noticed a discoloration. She treated this with various remedies without success and the place slowly but perceptibly grew in extent. She concealed it from family and friends. In April of this year it became so much worse that she felt that she could no longer conceal it and in desperation confided in my wife, who told me about it. I suggested consultation with a physician immediately. The physician diagnosed it as a malignant cancer that was too far advanced for an operation. He advised X-ray treatment. Sister Mary was very apprehensive and wife was greatly shocked. I took Mary the next morning to an ~~Ex~~ ^{periodical} ray specialist on H Street. He began giving ~~daily~~ treatments, but held out little hope. She was quite buoyed up and hopeful for awhile, but by the first week in June she began to fail rapidly. The diseased cells seemed to get into her blood and be carried

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throughout her system. Her eyes became bloodshot and ~~she~~ her sight almost failed. This distressing spectacle so wrought upon my wife's nerves that it brought on a miscarriage, great suffering, and confinement to bed.

Up to the time my wife was disabled she and her sister Mary had cared for our part of the house. When both were incapacitated I had doctors for medical attention and a colored woman to look after the housework and wait on the patients. Neither wife nor Sister Mary would consent to the employment of a trained nurse.

Sister Mary sank rapidly in the next few days and passed out on the evening of June 10, our wedding anniversary. The end came suddenly and unexpectedly. Wife was with her at the time and nearly fainted from the shock.

Two days later the funeral service was held in the house with members of the various branches of my wife's family and many old family friends and acquaintances present. Father Melling seemed to take the loss philosophically until he looked for the last time at the face of his daughter in the coffin. Then a spasm passed over him; he became rigid and would have fallen had not his son Roger caught and supported him.

The visitors and friends were assembled in the large front room to listen to the funeral service. My wife's sister-in[^]law, widow of her brother George, with her son and daughters sat next to us. She was a large, florid woman and evidently accustomed to having her own way. Because of her dictatorial ways other members of the family let her severely alone. For this reason, perhaps, it was the first time I had met her. No sooner

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were we seated while waiting for the preacher to appear than she began to crossexamine my wife, who was weak from her recent ordeal and could scarcely sit up. First, she wanted to know why she had not been called in to take charge of the case; then why we had not telephoned her immediately upon Mary's death, and why was it that she was left to find it out by reading the death notices in the paper. These and other questions were delivered in an arrogant, dictatorial tone of voice that could be heard throughout the room. Next she began a cross-examination of my wife as to the details of the case and progress of the disease, and why was not she kept informed from the beginning. Because of my wife's serious condition and suffering I resented this unnecessary orde^{al} that her unfeeling sisterⁱn^law was forcing her to undergo. I determined that it should end and, leaning over, I caught her attention, ~~looked her straight in the eyes,~~ and said, "Excuse me, I am sorry to have to remind you that this ~~is a funeral service~~ is not the time nor the place to ask such questions. I am sorry that it seems necessary to remind you that this is a funeral service of a very dear member of your husband's family. Your attitude toward them has not been such that they owe you any special consideration. So far as I know you did not think enough of Sister Mary to call on her or invite her to your house during the last year. This is my wife and sister to Mary and to your husband. She has just been through a great physical and mental ordeal brought on by Sister Mary's illness and death. She left her bed ~~by the doctor's~~ against the doctor's orders, she is scarcely able to sit up, and she is overcome with grief. If you have not the common decency to refrain from asking any further questions I shall have to ask you to

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withdraw from our house." There was a profound silence in the room. The widow Melling went white and sat silent and rigid, and several old women next to her went ashen gray, but their eyes gleamed and they trembled with excitement. For me it was a most disagreeable experience, but I was indignant and felt that it was justified by the ^{thoughtless} ~~fiendish~~ persistence with which the sister-in-law was torturing Nellie Louise.

Virginia Beach Again.

Shortly after this distressing experience I took my wife to Virginia Beach for a short rest cure. She soon recovered her usual good health and spirits.

Exciting Experience with a Would-be Tenant.

An amusing incident occurred shortly before my wife's illness and Mary's death. A small furnished room on the second floor was not occupied and my wife wished to rent it. One afternoon when I returned from the office she said that a lady had called to see about renting the room, looked at it, and said she would take it, but my wife said she would have to consult me before letting her have it. I asked for further details. Wife said she was a nice lady-like little woman who said she was the wife of an army officer stationed in the west and that she was known to our neighbor, Mrs. Wright, near the corner. Wife had asked Mrs. Wright about her. Mrs. Wright said she remembered having met the lady but really knew nothing about her. Wife asked what she should do. I replied to the effect that one woman ought to be able to judge ~~of~~ another woman better than a man, and if she looked respectable I should let her have the room.

The next afternoon when I returned my wife met me at the

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door in great distress. She said that the woman had taken possession of the room in the forenoon and that shortly before my arrival the colored helper reported that the new lodger was lying on the floor drunk, and "Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do," she cried. More questioning brought out the fact that Dinah had been sent to the nearest saloon to buy two quarts of whiskey. Wife had gone into the room and found the woman lying on the floor in a drunken stupor. One of the whiskey bottles was half empty. To understand my wife's feelings one must know that she was a violently fanatical teetotaler and considered drinking alcohol in any form as disgraceful. She had barely unburdened her mind to me when a colored man drove up with a disreputable wagon in which were two trunks and other belongings of the new lodger. I told the driver there had been a mistake and he would have to take the things back to the place ^{where} he got them, which he did. Then I telephoned to the matron of the eye and ear hospital at the corner of our block with whom I was acquainted and explained the situation and asked if she would telephone the emergency hospital to send an ambulance for the woman. She did so and reported that the hospital would not send an ambulance but would accept the patient if I sent her down. I telephoned to a livery stable for a closed carriage. The reply was that all closed carriages were out on a funeral. I then asked them to send any kind of a conveyance that might be available. They sent a small cab with plate glass windows on both sides, rear and front, and without curtains. My wife and Dinah succeeded in dressing the woman, and with Dinah's help I managed to get her down stairs and into the cab. She was so limp that I had to get into the cab with her and hold her up on the seat. I told Dinah that she must go

her and hold her up on the seat. I told Dinah that she must go the cab. She was so limp that I had to get into the cab with and with Dinah's help I managed to get her down stairs and into curtains. My wife and Dinah succeeded in dressing the woman, plate glass windows on both sides, rear and front, and without conveyance that might be available. They sent a small cab with were out on a funeral. I then asked them to send any kind of a for a closed carriage. The reply was that all closed carriages the patient if I sent her down. I telephoned to a livery stable ed that the hospital would not send an ambulance but would accept hospital to send an ambulance for the woman. She did so and report- ed the situation and asked if she would telephone the emergency at the corner of our block with whom I was acquainted and explain- ed. Then I telephoned to the matron of the eye and ear hospital have to take the things back to the place ^{where} he got them, which he lodger. I told the driver there had been a mistake and he would wagon in which were two trunks and other belongings of the new her mind to me when a colored man drove up with a disreputable alcohol in any form as disgraceful. She had barely unburdened she was a violently fanatical teetotaler and considered drinking half empty. To understand my wife's feelings one must know that on the floor in a drunken stupor. One of the whiskey bottles was whiskey. Wife had gone into the room and found the woman lying Dinah had been sent to the nearest saloon to buy two quarts of we do," she cried. More questioning brought out the fact that ing on the floor drunk, and "Oh, what shall we do, what shall arrival the colored helper reported that the new lodger was ly- session of the room in the forenoon and that shortly before my door in great distress. She said that the woman had taken pos-

with us, but ^{she} ~~Dinah~~ had to go back to the room to pick up some of the woman's things. Meanwhile the woman recovered somewhat and became embarrassingly affectionate, threw her arms about my neck and laid her head on my shoulder and called me "Dearie." We were in full view of the street and soon became a center of interest. My only agonized thought was to get away quickly and escape the interested scrutiny of the neighbors and passing pedestrians. Dinah had no sooner scrambled in than she discovered she had left the woman's purse in the room, and had to go back for it. There was some delay in finding it, probably only a minute or two, but to me it seemed that she would never come. During all this time the woman was demonstrating her affection for me, while I was desperately trying to hold her at arms length and yet support her enough to keep her from falling. And then came the drive down 17th Street, around LaFayette Square, across Pennsylvania Avenue, between the White House and the Treasury Department, and down to the emergency hospital at 15th and E Streets, where the new Department of Commerce Building now stands. At the hospital the attendants asked some sharp and impertinent questions and I was glad to have Dinah with me to corroborate my assertion that I was not responsible for the woman's condition. It was quite evident that I was regarded with suspicion. I became indignant and demanded to know who it was that telephoned that the woman would be received if brought to the hospital and finally found that it was one of the physicians in attendance. The moment he saw the woman he said, "Oh, it's you is it; stomach trouble again I suppose." He said she was a dypsomaniac and had been brought to the hospital in that condition several times before.

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Excursions.

During the summer months wife and I, often accompanied by her Sister Fannie, or Niece Emma, or father and stepmother, took trolley rides to nearby points. We visited Glen Echo, Cabin John, Chevy Chase Lake, Laurel, Annapolis, and Chesapeake Beach. On the trip to Chesapeake Beach we had Sister Fannie and Emma with us, and we had an enjoyable time in spite of the heat. We went in bathing in the shallow water and got covered with jelly fish or stinging nettles. I hired a rowboat and took the ladies out about half a mile into the Bay. A strong wind blew up and the water became rough. I had some difficulty in turning the boat around and still more in rowing back. Near the shore the water was very shallow and a landing could be made only through

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a long, narrow, artificial channel between two rows of piles. The waves ran crosswise between these piles and I had extreme difficulty in rowing between them without swamping the boat.

Mother made us a short visit and we took her about with us on some of our trolley trips. At her request I wrote father urging him to resign his position as receiver of a country general store, come on to Washington, and try to find employment.

In October wife and I took an excursion trip by boat from Washington down to the Bay and back to Baltimore. We left one evening, had all the next day on the river and bay, and arrived at Baltimore the second morning. The price of the trip including stateroom for two nights and a day was only \$3.00 and meals 50 cents each. The stateroom was large and comfortable and the meals excellent.

The day ride down the lower Potomac was especially interesting. The boat stopped at many small landings where life seemed to be very primitive. At Kinsale the boat stopped for an hour or more to discharge cargo. Many of the villagers came down to the wooden wharf to watch the boat and see the passengers. On the wharf we observed a venerable old gentleman whose white beard reached nearly to his waist. He had a large basket full of oysters between his knees and I watched him with fascinated eyes as he took up the oysters one by one, inserted the blade of a knife between the shells, and with a dexterous twist flipped them open and with another dexterous twist flipped the contents into his mouth. He seemed to swallow them whole, and always with a look of deep satisfaction. I asked a colored laborer who the old gentleman was and he replied, "Why, Boss, dat's the leadin lawyer of Kinsale."

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At another village landing a small hearse was waiting at the end of a wooden wharf, with a small group of colored people standing about. A casket containing the deceased was taken off the boat and shoved into the waiting hearse. It stuck out about two feet from the rear. The river bank was 15 or 20 feet high and of loose sand. The one little pony hitched to the hearse was unable to pull it up, so the mourners gathered about and pushed and pulled until their combined efforts succeeded in bringing it to the top.

All along the lower Potomac we saw men digging up oysters from the bottom with dredging prongs attached to poles. When the steamer passed out into the broad bay about four o'clock we saw a pretty sight. The afternoon was clear, the sky blue and flecked with cottony white cloudlets, a brisk breeze was blowing and the bay was rippling with waves and ^{racing} ~~rising~~ whitecaps, and covered with a fleet of several hundred oyster boats with their white sails set and flying before the wind like birds.

The next morning we passed close to Fortress McHenry and into the harbor at Baltimore. We were both on deck to see the city from the waterfront. It was a dark morning and soon began to rain heavily. We went first to the railway station, bought our tickets to Washington, checked our baggage, and then went by trolley out to the park. It was a beautiful spot, but our pleasure was spoiled by the heavy rain. Even with an umbrella we both got thoroughly wet. This trip is one of our pleasant memories. It was a vacation ^{and} we were alone together amid new scenes and enjoyed each other's company.

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cool October day and the foliage of the trees had turned to rich reds, yellows, and browns, which were reflected in the water of the canal. At one of the locks three or four small country boys were playing. While the boat was going through I asked one of the boys with a bright flushed face "What is your name?" He answered, all in one breath, "Johnnie Scoots-lemmeseeyourun." For a moment I was puzzled until the string of words gradually separated themselves in my mind.

A New Member of the Family.

In November Miss Mary Graham, a homely, elderly, maiden lady with many endearing foibles, a lifelong friend of my wife and her Sister Mary, called on us upon her return from a trip to California. She had lived for many years as housekeeper for her uncle and aunt and upon their death inherited their property, including a brick house on New Hampshire Avenue in which she had continued to live. She remarked in the course of her visit that inasmuch as she was alone in the world she believed she would rent her house and live in an apartment. We suggested that she take some of our rooms and she said she would think it over. A few days later she announced that she would come with us. She intended to take her meals out, but in a few days she expressed a wish to board with us. We agreed with the understanding that she must expect to take things as they came without special preparation. Thereafter until her death many years later she was an intimate member of our little family. She was poorly educated, exhibited many Irish characteristics, but displayed good common sense in many things, and was thoroughly good and kind-hearted. She was always very dignified, as befitted a prudish

spinster, a fanatic on the temperance question, a white ribboner, a W.C.T.Uter, and very religious, of the Methodist persuasion, so much so that she would not ride on a street car or railway train on Sunday or read a Sunday paper. While I always had an instinctive aversion to old people, especially if they were physically unattractive or just plain ugly and often wished that I did not have to see Miss Mary across my table three times a day, nevertheless I liked her and Nellie Louise loved her dearly and was happier for having her with us.

I Resign from the War Department.

Upon my return from the Baltimore trip I ran most unexpectedly into trouble at the office. For the previous two or three years my work had been very agreeable to me and satisfactory to the office. Only three months previously I had been promoted to next to the highest rank a civilian employe could obtain in the War Department at that time. But shortly before my vacation I had drafted a letter granting recognition to a ~~brave~~ member of a New Jersey volunteer regiment that served during the Civil War. This letter passed six or eight reviewers, was signed by General Ainsworth, and went to the Pension Bureau, and only by accident was the error discovered. Upon my return I found on my desk a memorandum from the chief clerk, Mr. Frech, calling for an explanation. At once I called for the papers, verified the statements, checked over the ^{data} ~~data~~ of record, and consulted my shorthand notes which I was accustomed to make and retain for reference. My notes disclosed that the New Jersey regiment in question, although it had actually rendered military service, had never been formally mustered into the military

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service of the United States and therefore its members were not entitled to pension. However, this regiment, like hundreds of ~~state~~ other volunteer organizations in similar circumstances, had later been recognized as having been in the United States service by special act of Congress. My notes showed that I had taken the precaution to consult two of the oldest and most experienced employees in the division on this point and they produced memoranda or reports to the effect that this particular organization had received Congressional recognition and under the law was considered to have been in the military service of the United States. Furthermore, this regiment was included in a printed volume of organizations in a similar situation, i.e., not actually mustered in and the disability removed by Congress. I gave this explanation in my answer to the chief clerk.

A characteristic of the chief clerk, a middle aged German who should have been a professor in a German university, was that he would never accept a reply regarding an error unless the writer acknowledged in so many words that he was wrong, that he was blameworthy, that he was sorry, and that he would never do it again. My answer was considered unsatisfactory and was returned for further explanation. I replied that there was no other explanation, and asked to be informed officially what other sources of information I should have consulted. The papers came back with an indorsement by the chief clerk, ~~text~~ critical, sharp, and mandatory in tone, to the effect that my replies were unsatisfactory and that I was "contumacious."

I was thoroughly disgusted and my patience exhausted. When I thought of all the time wasted by a large force of employees, several hundred in number, in answering the pertinacious and

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often insulting queries and criticisms addressed to them by the chief clerk, the utter futility of it, the fact that some of the most promising and valuable employes had resigned because of this form of persecution, I determined that I would have a show down--that I would rather give up my position if necessary and sell peanuts and popcorn on the streets for a living rather than submit and stultify myself by saying that I was sorry, because I was not--the various checks devised by the office, all of which I had used in this case, simply did not work because the printed volume and the two recognized authorities whom I had consulted were in error, and I made the chief of the division admit there was no other source of information available in the division. That evening at home I wrote a statement of the case, attached copies of the records, and my resignation, and transmitted them with a polite letter to General Ainsworth in which I gave him the choice of either getting a new chief clerk or accepting my resignation. I knew beforehand what the answer would be and made my plans accordingly, but was surprised at the delay in getting action. I learned through one of my stenographic friends that the chief clerk was closeted in a room upstairs preparing an answer to my statement. It took him a week to complete it.

The next week an order came for me to report to the 10th Street branch. I then announced to my fellow clerks and friends that I had resigned, and bid them all good by. I put in an application for leave of absence until my resignation was to take effect and left it with the time clerk. I called at the 10th Street branch and explained to the chief that inasmuch as I had tendered my resignation and applied for leave it would

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not be necessary for me to enter on duty, because I was through. He demurred. I suggested that he verify my statement by telephoning to the main office. He said that my resignation might not be accepted and my application for leave might not be granted. I replied that General Ainsworth was too intelligent not to grant both requests immediately; at any rate I was through and he could fix up his records and make any sort of report he pleased. In a few days I received formal acceptance of my resignation and approval of my leave of absence, and at the end of the month the remainder of my salary. Thus ended my connection with the War Department.

Neither then nor since have I felt any resentment at individuals in the Department, but only to the system, a system that was designed and worked well for certain types of employes, a system that was military and machine like in character, and was applied without discrimination. What I always did resent and still resent was the supercilious and contemptible treatment of civilian employes by military officers, which in time of peace at least is unnecessary and therefore inexcusable and intolerable. The system worked well with such men as the chief clerk. He was of the painstaking, hard working, groping, unimaginative, boot-licking type who appeared before his superior officers in fear and trembling, took abuse in abject apologetic silence and ^uslunk away only to exercise petty tyranny over helpless subordinates who had been hurried and secluded in office so long that they did not have the courage to protest or resign, or were deterred from doing so out of consideration of the possible consequences to their families. Always my gorge rose when I heard the General pour insults, pro-

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(1903)

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fanity and abuse upon the head of his servile chief clerk and I wondered how any human male could submit to it.

Curiously enough the day I wrote the preceding paragraph (August 8, 1930) I read an account in one of the Washington papers under the heading "Jacob Frech to be Retired Despite Plea to be Reatined. Former Chief Clerk of Adjutant General's Office Must Go," and noted that "He is 83 years of age and has engaged in active work for the past 72 years, of which 69 years have been in the War Department." When I was in Argentina a few years ago I ~~re~~ was surprised to receive a short letter from this same Jacob Frech with which he transmitted a newspaper clipping praising my work in that country, from which it would appear that he remembered the episode of my resignation.

The Precedent File.

Among the things in the office in which the chief clerk took great pride was the Precedent File. This was begun by briefing and card indexing decisions by superior authority of questions that arose in connection with the military and hospital records in the custody of the Department, the law and regulations relating to military service and the granting of pensions, definitions of terms, interpretation, logic, grammar, composition, and the like. It grew and expanded until it covered almost the whole range of human knowledge, ^{technical} including definitions of practically every word used in the vocabulary of the Department and the courts taken from all dictionaries extant, all the rules and principles of grammar, rhetoric and logic from textbooks and treatises on those subjects, chemistry, botany, zoology, strange cases of fraud and mistaken identity, longevity, accidents, dis-

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eases, anatomy, and all the decisions bearing on claims for recognition, muster in, back pay, increased pay, damages, confiscation of property, rank, and so on. All this heterogeneous mass of information was classified on a scheme dear to the German heart, starting out with A, followed by A1, A1a, A1b, A1B, and so on through the alphabet, and then A2, A2a, A2b, etc., and so on until the alphabet was used up, and each subject was divided and subdivided, and so for each subdivision and sub-subdivision, each designated by letters and numbers. Many of these symbols were as complicated as an algebraic or chemical formula. It was the pride and delight of Mr. Frech's heart, but the butt of innumerable jokes and sarcastic remarks on the part of the employes who had to use the system. For their benefit a key to the system was prepared, and later a key to the key. What actually happened was that each correspondence clerk who had to brief cases and formulate decisions and letters based on the records and precedents, kept a working memorandum of the precedents he needed for the class of cases he handled. Otherwise most of their time would have been spent in searching the voluminous and complicated index to the many thousands of precedents in the file. The part of the precedent file in which Mr. Frech really gloried in was that relating to logic. He specialized on logic and took the keenest delight in trailing a fallacy to its lair. If any craven hearted or wily subordinate wished to win Mr. Frech's good graces all he had to do in answering a request for an explanation of an error was to frame a plausible response containing a fallacious conclusion, give Mr. Frech an opportunity to detect and expose the fallacy, acknowledge his error, express

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admiration for Mr. Frech's acuteness in exposing the fraud, and ever after enjoy his friendly interest. However, the subordinate had to exercise a certain degree of caution or Mr. Frech, in riding his hobby, would recommend an extensive course of reading on logic and fallacies and from time to time thereafter inquire solicitously what progress he was making.

I Open a Public Shorthand Office.

When my resignation was accepted I experienced a feeling of freedom and exaltation, but naturally had to take stock of my situation. I had to provide for myself and wife, meet the interest and deferred payments on the house, taxes, fire and life insurance. I was thoroughly familiar with the law and procedure governing the various classes of claims against the government based on military service, but was deterred from practicing because of a recent statute prohibiting a former employee of the government from using information gained in the course of his employment ~~with~~ ~~xxx~~ ~~year~~ within a year after his retirement. My next best chance to remain independent was to open a shorthand office for general reporting, ^{and} amanuensis work, although I had not written shorthand or done typewriting professionally for the last three years and was sadly out of practice. Confident that I could regain my skill, I leased an office room in the new Colordao Building at the corner of 14th and G Streets, then the most modern office building in the city, for which I agreed to pay \$50 a month in advance. Next I purchased some new office furniture, several reconstructed Remington typewriters, and a mimeograph outfit, making part payment, the remainder to be paid

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I Open a Public Shortland Office.

When my resignation was accepted I experienced a feeling of freedom and exaltation, but naturally had to take stock of my situation. I had to provide for myself and wife, meet the interest and deferred payments on the house, taxes, fire and life insurance. I was thoroughly familiar with the law and procedure governing the various classes of claims against the government based on military service, but was deterred from practicing because of a recent statute prohibiting a former employee of the government from using information gained in the course of his employment ~~within~~ within a year after his retirement. My next best chance to remain independent was to open a shortland office for general reporting, ^{and} amanuensis work, although I had not written shorthand or done typewriting professionally for the last three years and was sadly out of practice. Confident that I could regain my skill, I leased an office room in the new Colorado Building at the corner of 14th and G Streets, then the most modern office building in the city, for which I agreed to pay \$50 a month in advance. Next I purchased some new office furniture, several reconstructed Remington typewriters, and a mimeograph outfit, making part payment, the remainder to be paid

in monthly instalments, and purchased a liberal supply of stationery. I spent my evenings taking dictation from my wife and practicing on the typewriter to regain speed. I had signs painted on the doors and windows of the office, had plates engraved for letterheads, envelopes, and business cards, and mimeographed a small circular quoting rates and stating that my office would be open from 9 a.m. to midnight.

I opened the office to the public on the first of December, but as the public had not been informed of my venture there were no visitors for some days other than solicitors of various kinds. I ran an advertisement in the local papers and made a personal canvas of my own office building and of others in the downtown section, leaving one or more circulars and business cards in each office. Also I interviewed the desk clerks at the principal hotels, and learned for the first time that they expected a liberal commission on all work they directed to my shop. The first response I got from this campaign was a series of vigorous protests from public stenographers and typewriters in the various office buildings I had circularized. I pacified these competitors by calling on them and asking what their rates would be for any overflow work I might send them, and ostentatiously listing them on my list of available stenographers. Within a few days I began to receive calls for stenographic service and contracted to do a number of typewriting and mimeograph jobs. In spite of my late start, newness, and the holidays, I took in more the first month than I had expected and more than made my expenses. The result was that many of my friends in the War Department who called to see me were greatly impressed with the office and my apparent success, and several of them applied for evening work.

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One of my former associates in the stenographic section, ~~was~~^{by name} a Mr. Taylor, was especially insistent that I give him an opportunity to do night work and asked permission to spend his evenings at my office. I consented. When there was typewriting to be done I divided it with him in order to make a reputation for quick as well as satisfactory service. When there was a call for stenographic service in the evening I would respond to the first call and he to the second. During intervals when there was nothing else to do we alternated in giving each other speed dictation. Starting with a speed of about 80 words per minute when I left the War Department, I had increased it to about 150 a minute under my wife's dictation by the first of December. During the next three months I ran my speed up to about an average of 200 per minute, and occasionally for short periods as high as 240 per minute. We kept up this arrangement for several months.

Mr. Taylor and I became close friends, although he had many peculiarities and was not well liked by his associates in the office in which he worked. He had something of the inscrutable look of an Indian in his face and was taciturn and rather abrupt to all except a few individuals. With me he was genial, talked freely, and was most sympathetic and helpful. He had a curious history. He was born of missionary parents on a lonely South Sea island, grew up with native savages, and told wierd tales of their war parties that annually went to neighboring islands to fight, kill, rob, and steal wives; and of their many curious ideas and superstitions. I sometimes thought that he half believed some of the incredible tales he had heard as a child, such as that concerning a sea monster larger than any ship afloat.

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I was a little apprehensive of running behind with my expenses in January. To start things going, I purchased a supply of small lead pencils enameled red or blue and with a gilded ring at one end. These I attached to my business cards with a ribbon the same color as the pencil, and distributed them to all the offices in the business section. My idea was that no one would throw the pencil away and before detaching the card from it he would almost certainly read it.

A few days later a tall, middle aged man with a wrinkled face, blue eyes, reddish hair and eyebrows, came into the office and pulled out one of the cards with the little pencil dangling from it. He glared at me rather ferociously and asked if I was Mr. Estabrook. Then he asked if I meant what was on the card, "Office open from 9 a.m. until midnight, all work guaranteed to be satisfactory and delivered when promised." I replied, "Exactly that." He looked at me critically and said, "Well, I never met a stenographer who did that before." I answered, "That's because you never saw me before."

So saying, he sat down, pulled out some memoranda, and dictated a highly technical application and specifications for a patent. He then asked when I could let him have the transcript. I countered with, "How soon do you have to have it." He said, "That's not the question; how soon can you let me have it." I said "It is now 8 p.m. I can have it at your office tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock." "Allright," ^{he} ~~he~~ said, "I shall expect it at that time," and without another word he left the office abruptly. I sat up until long after midnight to finish the work and the next morning handed it to him one minute before 10 a.m. He looked at his watch, glanced hastily through the manuscript,

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and said abruptly "Sit down." I did so and he dictated for an hour or more. From that day on he called me several times a week. There was never any conversation, no discussion, and no comment when I turned over the work to him strictly on time. When other work began to come in the second week in January I sent Mr. Taylor to him in the evenings. The first time it happened he called me up by telephone and demanded to know what I meant by sending a substitute. I replied "To do your work; I am engaged and cannot come. "Can he do it; is he to be trusted," he asked. "If not I would not have sent him," I replied. With that the telephone hung up with a click. Mr. Taylor proved satisfactory and thereafter took the night calls.

My client, Mr. Bliss, was a patent attorney and a "character." He had many of the characteristics of a Scotsman, was shrewd, keen, and indefatigable worker, and had a wonderful range of precise knowledge as well as a remarkable vocabulary at his command, and always impressed me as a sort of steel spring under tension. He dressed plainly and looked like a farmer. His offices were in two or three rooms in an old, tumble down building opposite the Patent Office on ^G B Street. His equipment consisted of several old, badly worn, discoloured pine tables, some ~~£~~ rickety chairs, old ~~£~~ pine shelving crowded with law books and patent reports, and the place was badly littered with papers, debris, and covered with dust. He had two or three young patent attorneys as assistants and a clerk, who were always glued to their desks and rarely looked up ~~£~~ when I entered. The offices were reached by a flight of rickety stairs from the G Street side. One's first impression on entering was that these were the

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offices of an unsuccessful poverty-stricken attorney. As a matter of fact he was working under tremendous pressure and I soon learned that he was making large fees, including various large retainer fees from great corporations which alone must have netted him more than \$50,000 a year. Several times he hinted at my coming with him permanently, but I preferred the freedom and independence of an office of my own.

Gradually my business grew and by the end of January I had more than made expenses. A number of clients had need of a notary public, ~~and~~ and I had to send them elsewhere. This suggested the advisability of getting a notary's commission. On looking up the law I found that notaries in the District of Columbia were appointed by the President and that there was no limitation on the number except "business requirements." I drew up a petition, got some signatures to it, filed it with the Department of Justice, and in due course got a reply to the effect that the petition was denied on the ground of lack of public ^{necessity} ~~interest~~. I was disappointed and a little angered to think that practically all my competitors were notaries and I could not get a commission. The next day I called on Mr. Morris Sheppard, the Congressman from my district in Texas. He was very friendly and after I had explained the situation he asked me to leave the petition with him. Two days later his secretary called up to say that the petition had been signed by both senators and all the representatives from Texas. I again filed the petition with the Department of Justice, calling attention to the Congressional endorsement. It was immediately granted and a few days later I received a commission duly signed by ^{Bonaparte} ~~the~~ Attorney General and [^] ~~the~~ President. [^] Roosevelt,

the President. Received a commission duly signed by the Attorney General and endorsement. It was immediately granted and a few days later I the Department of Justice, calling attention to the Congressional the representatives from Texas. I again filed the petition with say that the petition had been signed by both senators and all petition with him. Two days later his secretary called up to after I had explained the situation he asked me to leave the Congressman from my district in Texas. He was very friendly and mission. The next day I called on Mr. Morris Sheppard, the ly all my competitors were notaries and I could not get a com- I was disappointed and a little angered to think that practical- petition was denied on the ground of lack of public interest. of Justice, and in due course got a reply to the effect that the tion, got some signatures to it, filed it with the Department the number except "business requirements." I drew up a peti- appointed by the President and that there was no limitation on up the law I found that notaries in the District of Columbia were the advisability of getting a notary's commission. On looking notary public and I had to send them elsewhere. This suggested had more than made expenses. A number of clients had need of a Gradually my business grew and by the end of January I and independence of an office of my own. at my coming with him permanently, but I preferred the freedom netted him more than \$50,000 a year. Several times he hinted retainer fees from great corporations which alone must have learned that he was making large fees, including various large ter of fact he was working under tremendous pressure and I soon offices of an unsuccessful poverty-stricken attorney. As a mat-

Early in January during the relatively slack period when I daily counted up my receipts and compared them with expenses and wondered if I would come out even, a prosperous looking, rotund, middle aged gentleman entered the office. He said he was a successful shoe merchant from Chicago and was organizing a company to operate a silver mine in Colorado. He wanted some letters written and insisted that I write them from dictation directly on the typewriter. His letters were long, diffuse, rambling, and full of grammatical errors, but as I was paid by the page I could not object. He returned the next day for more letters. This time he said he wished to rent desk room in the office of a public stenographer and he thought my office would suit him. I demurred at first, not liking the idea of sharing the office with another person, but he offered to pay thirty dollars a month for the privilege of having a desk in my office, said he would buy a new desk and chair for his own use, that I would be appointed secretary of the Northern Light Mining and Milling Company, and that all its stenographic and typewriting work, which would be considerable, would be done by me at regular rates. I finally accepted and soon Mr. Sidwell was established in my office. He was a big, hearty, jovial, hail fellow well met, and soon had many people calling on him. Among others was Mr. John Finney, who was appointed a member of the board of directors and technical engineer of the company. Mr. Finney's father ~~was a member~~ held some sort of a position in the Navy Yard, and through him much stock was sold to other employees. As secretary of the company I was present at board meetings, kept the minutes, received subscriptions, wrote the stock cer-

Early in January during the relatively slack period when I daily counted up my receipts and compared them with expenses and wondered if I would come out even, a prosperous looking, round, middle aged gentleman entered the office. He said he was a successful shoe merchant from Chicago and was organizing a company to operate a silver mine in Colorado. He wanted some letters written and insisted that I write them from dictation directly on the typewriter. His letters were long, diffuse, rambling, and full of grammatical errors, but as I was paid by the page I could not object. He returned the next day for more letters. This time he said he wished to rent desk room in the office of a public stenographer and he thought my office would suit him. I demurred at first, not liking the idea of sharing the office with another person, but he offered to pay thirty dollars a month for the privilege of having a desk in my office, said he would buy a new desk and chair for his own use, that I would be appointed secretary of the Northern Light Mining and Milling Company, and that all its stenographic and typewriting work, which would be considerable, would be done by me at regular rates. I finally accepted and soon Mr. Stowell was established in my office. He was a big, hearty, jovial, well liked fellow met, and soon had many people calling on him. Among others was Mr. John Finney, who was appointed a member of the board of directors and technical engineer of the company. Mr. Finney's father ~~was~~ held some sort of a position in the Navy Yard, and through him much stock was sold to other employees. As secretary of the company I was present at board meetings, kept the minutes, received subscriptions, wrote the stock cer-

tificates, deposited moneys received, and signed the checks. Messrs. Sidwell and Finney, as promoters, organizers, officers, and chief stockholders and members of the board of directors, drew liberal salaries. For a time they sold enough stock to pay their salaries and expenses, but gradually interest died out, the company faded out, I resigned in time to escape blame and responsibility, and the promoters disappeared. I kept the new desk and chair in payment of a balance due on my stenographic work.

With the regular work of Mr. Bliss and the mining company, other outside work steadily increased. I employed first a young lady, Miss Postley, as an assistant and she proved highly efficient and loyal. Later I took on several others. One of them, a Mrs. Getzandanner, was very efficient but remained with me only a short time, just long enough to learn some of my methods and get a list of my clients, rates, and so on, and then opened a competing office of her own and leaving me abruptly without notice. This I thought rather dishonest. The office force was kept fairly busy writing miscellaneous letters from dictation and copying. I had numerous calls to attend committee meetings of business men and politicians at the larger hotels, which usually paid well. Many large jobs came in of mimeographing circulars, prospectuses, specifications, and the like. One job was that of typewriting the mailing list of a member of Congress containing the names and addresses of all the male voters in his district. I was called several times to report committee meetings in Congress when the regular stenographers needed help. Then there was a Democratic convention at the old Belasco Theater that lasted all one afternoon and evening and for which I was

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well paid.

Early one forenoon I received a telephone call to report a hearing at the Shoreham Hotel, and to come immediately. I grabbed a notebook and some pencils and went to the room indicated. I found the room crowded with men, with three gentlemen sitting behind a table next to the window. I knew no one in the room nor the purpose of the meeting. Working my way up to the front one of the gentlemen behind the table nodded to me and pointed to a chair. I took it glanced at the speaker, wrote down "Snub nose" in lieu of a name, and proceeded to take his remarks in shorthand. I was fortunate enough to catch the names of most of the other speakers, but some of them I missed. It was a debate about a squabble in the Democratic party in nearby counties of Virginia. The presiding officer was a judge. The debate went on and on without interruption. There was no intermission for luncheon. I grew tired, hungry, and thirsty. The ink in my fountain pen gave out and the points of my pencils wore smooth. I filled all the pages of my notebook from beginning to end on both sides, and still the debate continued. No one from my office came to see how I was getting on or to relieve me. I could not well interrupt the fierce debate to send out for notebooks and pencils. The only thing left for me to do was to start writing in fine characters between the written lines in a reverse direction. This doubled the capacity of the notebook. The meeting talked itself out about 6 p.m. It had continued without stop from 10 a.m. It took me several days to transcribe the jumble of interlined notes.

Another interesting experience was that of reporting the decision of the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case.

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(1904)

E--504.

There was great public interest in this case and much speculation as to ~~the~~ what the decision of the Supreme Court would be, and the daily press greatly desired to get it ~~at~~ at the earliest possible moment. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger conceived the idea of beating his competitors by employing me and one assistant to take the decision in shorthand/as it was read by the Chief Justice, which we were to read aloud to him directly from our shorthand notes, while he repeated it over the long distance telephone to his newspaper in Philadelphia. For this service he agreed to pay me \$60. This was high pay for perhaps an hours work, but it involved an obligation to drop everything upon notice that the decision was about to be rendered. No one knew just when the decision would be announced, but the correspondent had some one on the inside who was paid to give him advance notice. Several weeks went by when finally I received a telephone call to be at the Supreme Court at the opening hour the following morning. I took Mr. Taylor along with me. We were met by the correspondent who showed us the telephone booth he had engaged, led us into the court room, and made us and our business known to the attendants. Even then we did not know whether the Northern Securities Case would come up first or not. It did, however, and I took the first installment, nodded to Taylor to begin, and made a quick run for the telephone booth, reaching it somewhat out of breath. The correspondent was holding the line. As I began to read he began to dance and talk into the phone. We had barely started when there was an interruption on the line. The correspondent was frantic. We had the decision and men were waiting at the other end of the line in Philadelphia to take it in shorthand, write

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it on bulletin boards and get out a special edition. The connection was costing about \$3 a minute. The correspondent danced up and down in a frenzy. ~~Swad~~ After a slight pause I heard him emit a howl and go on something like this: "You, Chinese laundry, ""....., Get off the line... Hang it in the alley; Oh,, please get off the line; if you don't I will come over to Baltimore and murder you, if it's the last thing I ever do." It seems that some one in Baltimore had cut in and was registering a complaint about his laundry. After the line was clear our program proceeded without further hitch and our correspondent had the satisfaction of beating his competitors by some minutes over the telegraph.

On another occasion a newspaper correspondent took me with him to interview Mr. Taft, who had recently returned from the Phillipines to become Secretary of War. Mr. Taft was big and good natured and gave a very clear and comprehensive account of the economic situation in the islands. This made a good story and the correspondent was greatly pleased.

My most interesting experiences, however, were those with the host of promoters who drifted into my office to dicgate prospectuses or correspondence regarding their projects. I wasted much time in listening to them outline the most rosy and persuasive schemes for making much money with little. They were many and varied in appearance and experience, but all were born optimists. Many of them had mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, platinum, asbestos, and even diamonds; others had oil wells; several had mineral springs of such potency that they would cure all ills except old age; one was promoting an inter-American rail-

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way that would reach from Canada to Patagonia: others had great and valuable concessions in Mexico or South American countries: there was several promoters of rubber plantations, coffee plantations, and for sugar, bananas, citrus fruits, cinchona, and the like: others had inside information that the government was about to establish training camps, army camps, or public works of some kind and they had industriously and with foresight obtained options on the necessary land that the government would be compelled to buy from them at an alluring profit: and so on ad infinitum. Some of these men seemed to have funds. Others had scarcely enough to pay for a few typewritten letters.

One old gentleman, the promoter of the inter-American railway, evidently was a remittance man, or had an annuity payable monthly, because near the first of the month he would show up with a lot of manuscript ~~typewritten~~ written in a crabbed wavering scrawl, to be copied neatly on the typewriter. They were long letters, addressed to Congressional Committees, Cabinet ~~officials~~ officers, other officials of the government, and prominent men, seeking their support for his scheme. After paying his bill I would not see ^{him} again until early the next month. He was a stickler for accuracy in spelling and punctuation. Once we had quite an argument. In one of his letters appeared the word "wholly" as one of my assistants had spelled it. He brought it to me and denounced the copyist. I said "Well, what is the matter with it?" "Why," he sputtered, "a six year old child knows that 'whole' is spelled with only one 'l' and an 'e'. "Certainly," I said, "but this is a different word and it seems to me that it is spelled correctly." He protested that to spell it

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with a double 'l' and leave out the 'e' was all wrong. I suggested that we consult the dictionary. I opened Webster's unabridged and found the word for him. He glared at it and snarled, saying it undoubtedly was a misprint. Then I found the word for him in the Century Dictionary. Again he sputtered indignantly. I tried to mollify him by saying that I was often puzzled about the spelling of words that changed their form, and mentioned the word "true" that loses its final 'e' before 'ly' to become 'truly.'" Then I suggested that as the letter that had been written was written and signed by himself he had a right to spell any of the words to suit himself, and if he wanted the word spelled "wholely" I would gladly have it so written. I could see that the dictionary version worried him: also that he was offended. He never returned.

Naturally my hours were very irregular. I remained in the office regularly until midnight, and often when there was work to do kept at it until it was finished, sometimes not until the following morning. The doors of the Colorado building were locked at midnight. I had a latchkey, but one night when Mr. Taylor and I had worked beyond the closing hour, we found the door locked and the key was not in my pocket, so that we were prisoners. It is one thing to remain all night in a deserted building voluntarily when there is work to do and quite another thing to be locked in with nothing to do. Apparently there was no janitor or night watchman in the building. We switched on the electric lights and began to explore. We even went down into the subbasement. Finally we made our escape by crawling through a window that was unfastened onto the pavement outside. Fortunately the street was deserted and no alarm was given.

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This night work was the cause of much complaint on the part of my wife. I could not blame her, but it seemed unavoidable if I expected to take all the work that came to me and do it on time, as seemed necessary to make expenses and get established. I tried to persuade her to go to bed at a regular hour and not wait for me, but she would not. In fact, throughout our married life she would never go to bed before I did. The result was that when I worked late, or even all night, she sat up by herself and was often quite worn out and in bad humor. She urged me to give up the shorthand business because my close application to work and irregular hours destroyed home life. I realized that this was true, but did not like to give up a growing business just when I was getting well under way, with a prospect of establishing a good business and prospering later on.

In four months of hard work I had taken in about ²\$4,000, which was more than I had ever earned in a year before. Some of this, of course, went for furniture, equipment, rent, supplies, and wages of assistants, but I had every reason to believe that the business would grow. However, when the slack season began in April after Congress adjourned and business dropped off abruptly, I began to think of what I might do during the long summer months. It occurred to me that I might find a temporary position in one of the departments that would at least pay expenses until next autumn. I inquired at the Civil Service Commission and learned that ~~ANXXX~~ a competitive examination for male stenographers would be held within a few days, took it, and the following week received a note asking me to call at the Bureau of Plant Industry in the Department of Agriculture.

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